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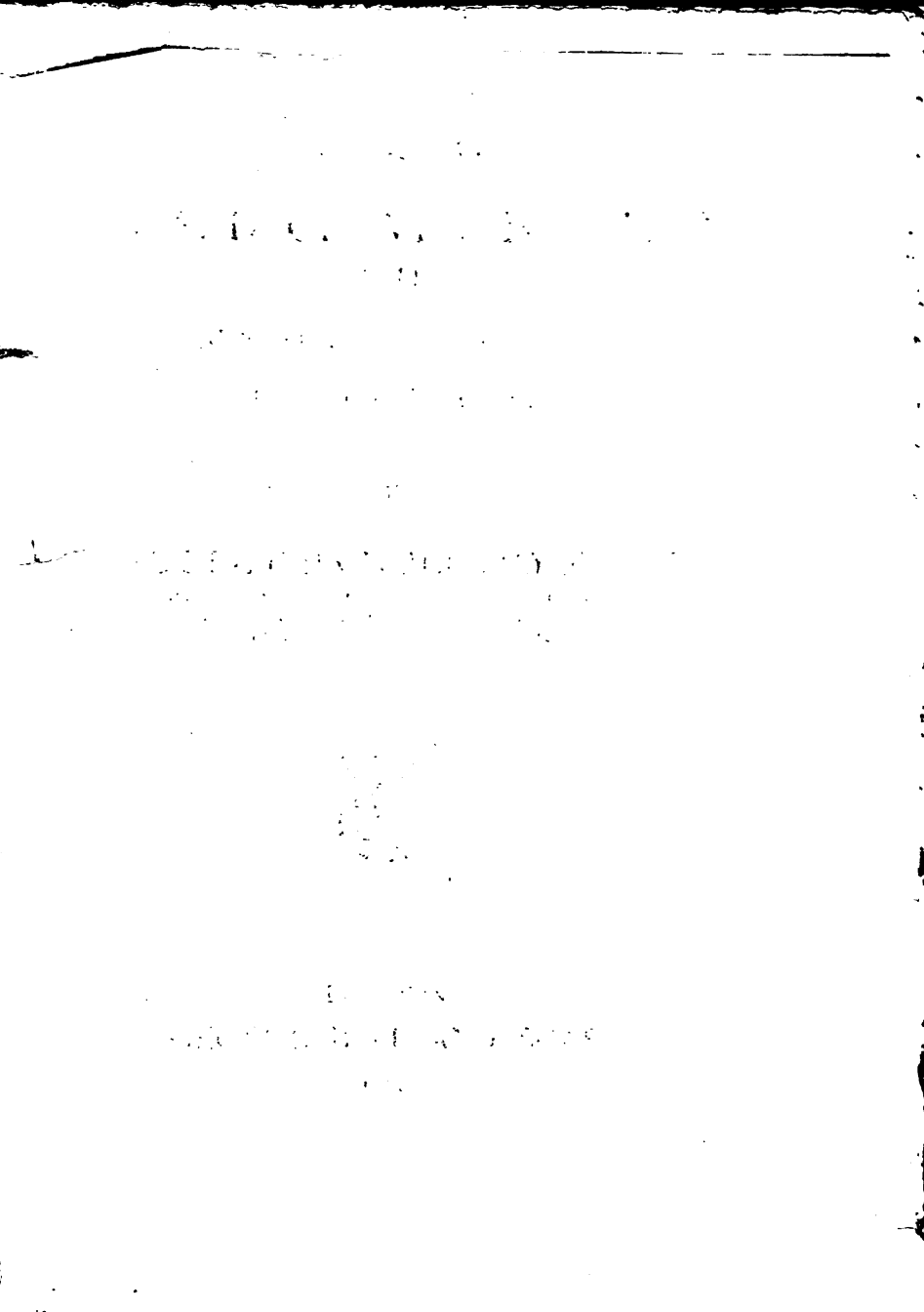
Provost Hawtrey.
from a portrait by Hélène Feillet.



MEMOIR OF

EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY
D.D.

HEADMASTER AND AFTERWARDS

PROVOST OF ETON

BY

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY, M.A., F.S.A.

VICAR OF MAPLEDURHAM, FORMERLY FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
AND ASSISTANT MASTER AT ETON, AUTHOR OF
"TRANSLATIONS FROM PRUDENTIUS," ETC.

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TO

EDWARD DANIEL STONE

memor

Actæ non alio rege puertiæ

PREFACE.

THIS Memoir has sprung from a desire to do something more than has yet been

ERRATUM.

On page 33, line 3, *for* "entfernen" *read* "entwöhnen."

never destroying a letter, but he did not sort his correspondence. After his death the trustees found several boxes full of

PREFACE.

THIS Memoir has sprung from a desire to do something more than has yet been done to keep alive the recollection of one whose admirable qualities and striking individuality of character deserved a far better record than this, in days nearer to his own, and at the hands of some of his contemporaries or friends, while his memory was still fresh in their minds. It is based on the short life contributed by the writer to the "Dictionary of National Biography," use of which has been made by the kind permission of the publishers. The biographical materials available have been but scanty. Dr. Hawtrey prided himself on never destroying a letter, but he did not sort his correspondence. After his death the trustees found several boxes full of

unarranged papers: they set to work to look them over, but soon gave up the attempt in despair, and committed all but a very few to the flames. It will be readily understood that a much fuller presentation of the subject of this Memoir might have been given but for this unfortunate decision.

Of those who knew Hawtrey when this century was still in its teens, two have recently passed away: one, Richard Durnford, the late Bishop of Chichester, on October 14th, 1895; the other, Archdeacon Denison, who died while these sheets were passing through the press. Miss Florence Hawtrey has furnished me with a few letters from her cousin to his mother. For their communications bearing on the earlier portion of his life my best thanks are due to Mr. Gladstone, to Bishop Ryle, and Bishop Abraham; and also to the Rev. William Charles Green, Rector of Hepworth, and other friends who have kindly contributed their reminiscences on the later period. My obligations to Mr. Maxwell Lyte are acknowledged in Chapter III.

The Photogravure in the Frontispiece is from a portrait mentioned in the last chapter. The three coloured illustrations are by my friend Mr. Francis Tarver, late French Master at Eton.

MAPLEDURHAM VICARAGE,
May 12th, 1896.

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Memoir of Dr. Hawtrey.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY—PARENTAGE—SCHOOL AND COLLEGE LIFE—LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER.

1789—1814.

"Here is eternal Spring: for you
The very stars of heaven are new,
And aged Fame again is born
Fresh as a peeping flower of morn.

"For you shall Shakespeare's scene unroll,
Mozart shall steal your ravished soul,
Homer his bardic hymn rehearse,
Virgil recite his maiden verse.

"Now learn, love, have, do, be the best;
Each in one thing excel the rest:
Strive; and hold fast this truth of heaven—
To him that hath shall more be given."

ROBERT BRIDGES. *Founder's Day.*

OUR age has recently witnessed, in Benjamin Jowett, a noble type of unflagging devotion of the best years and best energies

of a lifetime to the interests of a much loved institution. The difference between the two men in character, environment, and influence was very wide, but still, after due allowance is made for this, it may be said that the subject of this memoir cherished as keen an affection for Eton, and as great a pride in her welfare, as was felt by the late Master of Balliol for his College. His whole life, with the exception of the interval between going up to the University and returning as a Master, was passed there or in its immediate neighbourhood. In his old age, he was fond of repeating in after-dinner speeches, "I owe everything to Eton," and used to add that since his first going there he had spent but a few years away from it, and those not the pleasantest in his life.

It is a matter of much regret that long ere this no record or biography of Dr. Hawtrey has been written by any of his numerous personal friends and contemporaries, or by some one of the distinguished *alumni* of Eton educated under him. As such a tribute to his memory has

not been rendered by abler hands, I have ventured to make the attempt. It has been prompted by the conviction that, in the stress of the present imperious demands and altered circumstances and expansion of modern education, past services, however great and urgently needed in their day, are apt to be very soon forgotten or defrauded of their meed; and in the hope that the memory of one to whom Eton was largely indebted in the generation that has passed away may not become dimme rthan it should be for want of some record, even if it be an incomplete and inadequate one. The difficulty of carrying out my task has been considerable, and every year increases it, for the number of those to whom Hawtrey was known is rapidly dwindling. As to his earlier years particularly, and in fact for the whole period prior to his becoming Head Master, very scanty memorials remain.

The Hawtrey[1] family is undoubtedly an

[1] The chief authorities consulted are: (1) "The History of the Family of Croke," Oxford, 1823, (2) Lipscombe's "History and Antiquities of the County

ancient one, the name being generally regarded as a corruption of Haute Rive, in Latin De Altâ Ripâ, and is most probably of Norman origin. There is also Hauterive, on the river Allier, in central France, but the Hawtreys, no doubt, take their rise from a place of that name in Normandy. It is said to be the same as that of Dealtry and Daltry, this form coming more directly from the Latin, while "Hawtrey" is traced to the Latin through the French. We can see from Ordericus Vitalis[1] (1075-1143

of Buckingham," London, 1847, (3) the family pedigree on vellum, made apparently in 1632, and, therefore, two hundred and sixty-four years old, by the then Ralph Hawtrey of Ruislip.

[1] The following notices of the Norman Hauterive, near Alençon, place and family, occur in the third book of Ordericus Vitalis' "Ecclesiastical History of Normandy" (edited by Augustus le Prévost, Paris, 1840).

(i.) "Geroius (i.e., William of Geroy) apud Altam Ripam ecclesiam instauravit Sancto Martino confessori." Circa 1030 A.D.

(ii.) "dedit præterea terram Altæ Ripæ ipse Ernaldus (the eldest son of the above William of Geroy) eidem cœnobio," *i.e.*, to the Abbey of Ouche or St. Evroul, of which Orderic was himself a monk." Anno 1050 A.D.

A.D.) that the family was of noble estimation in Normandy, before the Norman Conquest (*vide infra*). To this it may be added that Thomas Hawtrey of Chequers (temp. Edward IV.) married Katharine Blakenhall, fifteenth in descent from Count Bernard of Harcourt (surnamed the Dane), the second in command to Rolf in his conquest of Normandy in 896 A.D. So that the subsequent Hawtreys were lineally descended from this Bernard, who is said to have been of the Saxon blood royal, being thus Dane, Saxon, and Norman in one, if this be true.

A Robert de Altâ Ripâ was Sheriff of Staffordshire in 1205 A.D. But the branch from which Dr. Hawtrey was descended was settled at Chequers, in the parish of

(iii.) "primus monachorum Rogerius de Altâ Ripâ in agrum Vilcassinum (*i.e.*, le Vexin) perrexit . . . . et construxit oratorium." Anno 1066 A.D.

This was on the occasion of a settlement sent out from Ouche to cultivate a desolate tract of land that had been given to it. Orderic says that this Roger Hawtrey told him how the wolves would often respond with their howls to the chanting of the midnight services.

Ellesborough in Buckinghamshire, for many generations. Sir William de Altâ Ripâ, of Algarkirk, in South Lincolnshire, moved southwards about 1260 A.D. and married Katharine, daughter and co-heir of Raphe Chequers, acquiring by this union the property of that name. From him by a descent of ten steps we arrive at Sir William Hawtrey, Knight, who left no male issue. His second daughter, Bridget, married Sir Henry Croke, second son of Sir John Croke the Judge, who was born in 1588, was Master of the Pipe Office, died in 1659, and is buried at Chequers. In Ellesborough Church there are two flat monuments of the Hawtrey family, on one of which there is an inscription on a brass plate, in black letter, "Of your charitie pray for the soules of Thomas Hawtrey Esquyer and Sybell his wyffe." (This Sybell was daughter and co-heir of Richard Hampden, of Kimble, in Bucks.) Thomas Hawtrey, who was great-grandfather of the Bridget mentioned above, gives us the link of connection between the Hawtreys of Ruislip, near

Uxbridge, in Middlesex, from whom the subject of this memoir was lineally descended. The chancel of Ruislip Church is paved with Hawtrey tombs, and there are tablets and monuments on the walls which range from 1550 to a couple of centuries later. Ralph, a younger brother of Thomas, by his marriage with Winifred Wallaston (or Wollaston) came into the possession of a property at Ruislip, and here his descendants continued to live, till the name in that branch became extinct in 1725; the Ruislip property, however, including the residence, still belongs to their lineal descendants in the female line. The last Hawtrey of Ruislip quartered the arms of the following ancient families, Chequers, Paynell, Blakenhall, Pipe, Harcourt, Noell. John Hawtrey, the great-grandson of this Ralph, had, for his third son, Edward (these are the three favourite and constantly recurring Christian names), from whom the Provost of Eton sprang by direct descent.

Of this Edward a brief account must be given before passing on. He was born in

1600, appears on the Registrum Regale as admitted to King's College, Cambridge, in 1622, and was B.D. and Vicar of Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, in 1642.

In the Civil War he was ejected[1] from his living, and restored in 1661. The advowson of this vicarage, which had been vested in his family for many years, and which was endowed with part of the Great Tithes, at his death in 1669 was given by him to Eton College, of which Society he was a Fellow, and at the same time the chapelry of Boveney, close to Boveney Lock, so well known to boaters, was annexed to Burnham, though some miles

[1] "Donec exulante cum Carolo justitiâ, et ipse hinc expulsus, non nisi cum iis restitutus," in the very long epitaph on him inscribed on the stone now hidden by the encaustic tiles laid down when Burnham Church was restored in 1866. This was written by his son John, who, according to the Mapledurham Register, died at Eton, Jannery (*sic*), 1715. It is singular that there should have been two Hawtreys Vicars of Burnham—Edward in the seventeenth century, and the Provost's father; and also two who were Vicars of Mapledurham—the Provost himself and his great grandfather.

distant, as its mother church. Of the remaining links in the ancestral chain it will be enough to say that Edward's son John, also a Fellow of King's and of Eton successively, was Rector of Sanderstead, Surrey, and afterwards Vicar of Mapledurham. This John Hawtrey was deeply interested in the rebuilding of the Upper School, 1689-1694, after Provost Allestree's faulty work had given way, and all the payments passed through his hands. His son Charles, who married Anne Sleech, a sister of the Provost of Eton of that name, was Rector of Heavitree as well as Canon and Sub-dean of Exeter. Charles Hawtrey's son, another Edward, who was entered at King's in 1760, became Fellow of Eton, and Vicar, as his great grandfather had been, of Burnham.

Thus, without including others not in the direct line, the family of the Provost had been connected, at the time of his decease in 1862, with Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge, for at least 250 years.

Edward Craven Hawtrey was born on 7th May, 1789, and baptized on June 18th, at Burnham, a few miles from the place where most of his life was to be spent. He was the only son of the Edward Hawtrey mentioned above, two of whose sisters, Frances and Lucy, were "Dames" at Eton. His mother was a sister of Dr. Foster, Head Master of Eton from 1765 to 1773. Of this Dr. Foster readers of Mr. Maxwell Lyte will remember that it was in his reign, and owing to his deficiency in tact, that the most serious rebellion ever witnessed by Eton occurred. A full account of this is given by Mr. Lyte, who compares Foster in several respects with his predecessor, Dr. Barnard. It is singular that in spite of this Hawtrey should have been proud of his uncle. For once, when conversing with one of his Assistant Masters he upset his belief that Barnard had been the great Head Master, and maintained that it was Foster, and this, although his own character much rather resembled that of Barnard.

In 1799, at the age of ten, young Hawtrey was sent to Eton, under the Head Mastership of George Heath. As far as I have been able to ascertain, his tutor was John Bird Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose house Hawtrey succeeded when Sumner became Vicar of Mapledurham in 1818. Among his companions in the Fourth Form were John Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, the late Warden of Merton College, Dr. Bullock Marsham, and the traveller and antiquarian, Gally Knight.

For the first three years at least he was an Oppidan, as in Stapylton's School Lists his name appears as late as the year 1802, without the distinguishing K.S. after it. In his "Life of Bishop Lonsdale" Lord Grimthorpe says of him, "As he was going into College he was placed in the 'middle remove Fourth Form,' according to his age and not his learning, by an absurd rule which prevailed then and long after, and which ruined many a boy by enabling him to be idle." This may probably also

account for the place which Hawtrey, who was one year younger and one remove lower in his Form than Lonsdale, took on entering Eton. It seems that he experienced some of the bullying so prevalent in those times, and against which he declaimed so vehemently in his Catechetical Lectures, delivered in the College Chapel. He used to be ill-treated and hunted on his way to Datchet to visit his relations, who lived there: and in after life he would sometimes refer to the fact that he was on one occasion almost killed by suffocation at the hands of a boy. "I was almost gone," he said drily of this incident. Hallam, the historian, who was destined to be his intimate friend, had left Eton six years when Hawtrey began his school life, and had just graduated at Christ Church, Oxford. Shelley was at Eton during the latter part of Hawtrey's time, being junior to him by three years. William Sidney Walker left the school in 1814, the year that Hawtrey returned to it as a Master.

In 1802 Joseph Goodall, a far greater

character than his immediate predecessors in the office, became Head Master, and Hawtrey was under him in the Sixth Form.

Long afterwards, when Provost, he thus wrote of him to Dr. Okes, with reference to the Preface[1] to his forthcoming "Musæ Etonenses."

"THE LODGE,
"*Nov.* 29, 1860.

"I admire the just and happy compliment to Goodall. There was, however, one peculiar merit in him on which you have hardly touched, because none were aware of it but those who benefited by it; and of those few would be honest enough to confess their debt.

"He had a peculiar talent of finding out and stirring up latent powers—powers, of which from snubbing and neglect the possessor himself was wholly ignorant, and ready to give up all exertion in despair.

[1] The Preface, as it stands, does include a special mention of the gift here described, introduced, no doubt, in consequence of this letter.

"Goodall caught at the first symptom of merit, gave it more than its due praise, but not more than the broken spirit required; and if he found responsive diligence, he took the earliest opportunity of rewarding it, and thereby making a character, which might, by less kind management have soon sunk into absolute and inconceivable nothingness. I owe him for this everlasting gratitude."

Hawtrey himself, it will be seen, inherited much of this encouraging and stimulating talent from the kindly Head Master.

He had also at this time the supreme advantage of being contemporary, or nearly so, with a set of boys who were to make a decided mark in their generation. Canning, who afterwards became the illustrious Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, was a little above him, and preceded him to a Scholarship at King's by two years. Lonsdale stood next but two places above him. "Dr. Goodall is reported to have been asked in old age who was the best scholar

he had ever had at Eton, and to have answered, after some deliberation, 'Lonsdale.'"[1]

The following interesting piece of information, which throws a pleasing light over the state of the higher education at this period, has been communicated to me by Bishop Abraham, who heard it himself from Hawtrey.

"The enthusiasm for self-culture under the inspiration of Goodall was such that not one of that set would ever think of going into school without being prepared to illustrate the lesson, if it were Homer or Virgil, from not only Milton but from Dante and Tasso; if it were Demosthenes or Cicero, from great English orators; if a Greek play, from the great modern dramatists, whether French or English. In this way Hawtrey laid the foundation of his encyclopædic knowledge of literature."

Besides the two mentioned above, others a little junior to him, then in the upper

[1] Lord Grimthorpe's "Life of Lonsdale," p. 12.

Fifth Form, who rose to distinction, were the two judges of the Queen's Bench, Sir John Patteson and Sir John Taylor Coleridge, father of the late Chief Justice, the Earl of Ellenborough, Governor-General of India, then Mr. Law—Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and Milman, Dean of St. Paul's. Dr. Hawtrey always used to look back upon this period as one of the greatest importance in his intellectual growth, from the stimulus given by having to hold his own against such competitors. Dr. Okes, in the series of "Musæ Etonenses," referred to above, has included two "sent up" copies of Greek verse by Hawtrey. One of these is in Anacreontics, "ad Glirem" "To a Dormouse," and is written in a sprightly manner which reminds us of his contributions long afterwards to the "Arundines Cami." The other is a rendering of a passage in Mason's "Caractacus." It is a spirited imitation of a Greek Chorus, with an Anapæstic opening, Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode.[1] Both of these early

[1] See Appendix. No. 1.

specimens of his composition in a dead language belong to his last year at Eton.

In 1807, Hawtrey was admitted at the age of eighteen a Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, and three years later became a Fellow, according to the custom of the College.

At that time, and for many years later, by a pernicious privilege, the degree of B.A. was conferred on members of King's without their having to pass through any University examination whatever. Nearly half a century was to elapse before any King's men could compete in the Mathematical or Classical Tripos. The latter was not instituted till 1824, and even for that, for a long time, no one could enter who had not previously obtained some mathematical honour. There is a well-known Cambridge story told of the famous classic Shilleto, how he secured his place as "wooden spoon" by writing out at the first available opportunity the Binomial Theorem, which he had committed to memory, prefacing his answer by the words

"before we prove this we must proceed to prove the Binomial Theorem." The first King's man who took any honours was the Rev. Charles Caldecott James, now Rector of Wortham, who in 1853 was tenth Junior Optime, and third in the first class of the Classical Tripos. Nor was the Chancellor's Medal open to men of Hawtrey's College in his time, owing to the regulations in force till as late as the year 1871, which compelled all candidates to have obtained a place among the Senior Optimes at least. Thus the sole academical distinctions that remained for King's College undergraduates, cut off from the healthy rivalry with other University men, were the Prizes for Composition, and the University Scholarships.

In 1810 he stood for one of the latter, and in writing to his mother, tells her that he hears he has been selected with three others, Patteson, Empson, and Sumner, and that there were great hopes that the successful one would be Patteson, who in fact was elected a few days afterwards.

The sequestered and somewhat exclusive

character of the life at King's, probably accounts in part for our not hearing of Hawtrey's having many friends apart from his old school-fellows, in the University, in spite of the fact that his later career shows him to have been eminently capable of forming numerous firm and lasting friendships. Among his contemporaries were several who became men of mark. The Senior Wrangler of the year, after he went up to Cambridge was Bickersteth, afterwards Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls; the third Wrangler was Bishop Blomfield, who was also Craven Scholar; the fifth was Adam Sedgwick. In 1809 and 1810, the Senior Wranglers were respectively Alderson and Maule, each of whom rose to high rank in the Law, and three years later the first name on the list is that of Sir John Herschel. Of these, Herschel indeed became his intimate friend, but this was long afterwards, and only in consequence of Hawtrey becoming his neighbour in Sussex, on taking the King's living of Ewhurst. Some glimpses of his life at this time are

given us in his letters to his mother, between the years 1807 and 1815, but of these only a few were written when he was an undergraduate. They are very affectionate and tender, and pervaded by a vein of humorous banter at times. We should have liked to have known more of her, and no doubt she must have been a remarkable woman, though it was somewhat audacious to apply to her, as is said to have been done, the memorable epitaph by Ben Jonson on the Countess of Pembroke, with a slight alteration.

> Foster's sister, Hawtrey's mother,
> Eton, ere thou see another
> Loved and mourned and calm as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee.

These faded letters on old-fashioned quarto sheets, with their gilt edges, and some of them franked, are very touching. The earliest of them belongs to the time of his entering King's, in Dec. 1807, and is chiefly concerned with the furnishing of his rooms, but shows also how impressed he was with his entourage, the walks between his Col-

lege and Trinity, the architecture of the Chapel, though he confesses his inability to appreciate the stained-glass windows. We see his scholarly instincts from the beginning. "The wine parties, suppers, cards, the elegant and enlightened amusements of Old Court are not to my taste." He longs for free access to the College and University Libraries. In the latter he notices that he has seen some uncommonly fine Oriental MSS.

We hear little of lectures, and there were few or none of the helps that send the modern student rejoicing on his way. But there was much admirable self-discipline. Here is what he calls "the plan of tolerably hard reading," that he mapped out for himself in the Easter vacation of 1808. "I am up at 7 every morning, and go to bed at 12; 7 till 8 a hundred lines of Greek Play, 8 till the ¼, chapel: chapel till 9, breakfast etc.; 9 till ½ after 10, hundred lines as before; ½ after 10 till 12, walking; 12 till 1, letters; 1 till ½ after 2, hundred and fifty lines as before; ½ after 2 till ½

after 4, chapel and dinner; ½ after 4 till 7 English, French, or Italian; 7 till 10, Virgil; 10 till 12, a chapter in the Bible. I hope I shall keep it up. I never suffer anything to break in upon it, but occasional parties." The last entry as appears from what follows, must refer to his Hebrew studies. In his correspondence he takes a constant interest in his sisters' progress, one of whom appears to have read Hebrew as well as Italian. The latter language always had a great fascination for Hawtrey. When he was but 18, he was asked by an Italian nobleman to translate the preface of his Oratore into English, and remarks on the difficulty it presents. "It is very metaphysical, and you know that style of writing requires a more than common accuracy of words and phrases. It is no easy task to express Italian abstract ideas in English without a thorough knowledge of the spirit of the languages."

In 1811, he became private tutor to the son of Mr. Gurdon at Litton Hall in Norfolk, and so found time to keep up

and extend his knowledge of modern languages.

"I have begun German about a fortnight and can make it out pretty well with a dictionary. I translated two chapters of Gellert into Italian a few days since. I find I have a little room, and will therefore select one from the various scribblings that have taken place in Mr. Gurdon's wood, to fill it up. There follows a translation of a passage in Moore into eighteen Italian lines. He also showed an appreciation of good music.

"Last night we were at a most delightful music party, where Mrs. N. Frere, who has been now some time with us sang Italian, and one of Moore's Irish airs most divinely. It was really a new edition of Catalani. She sang us the other night, to the guitar, the two Spanish patriotic songs of which I transcribe the only lines I can remember, for Laura.

Vivir in catenas
Quan triste vivir!
Morir por la patria
Que bello morir!

In the same letter, dated September 10th, 1811, he says, "I am afraid I am rather idle. Italian and German with a *little* Cicero and Thucydides take up all my leisure time, which is not much, as almost every evening is filled up with music or parties either at Litton or at a short distance. But I own I am epicurean enough to think that the time that passes happily is not lost. . . . . I have scribbled sundry scores of lines in Italian since I wrote last. This is a translation[1] of a little poem of Addison's, beginning, "When rising from the bed of Death." If these trifles amuse you I have many more ready to follow them. Bad as they may be, they are better than blank paper."

But severer studies, such as "Butler's Analogy," which, in one of his letters from Cambridge, he mentions that he is reading with interest, also engaged his attention. This period of Hawtrey's life, although his prospects were uncertain, and his future profession was not yet definitely settled,

[1] See Appendix, No. 11.

seems to have been, on the whole, a pleasant one. From Cambridge he used now and then to make visits to town, where he went about with his friend [1] Rennell, and entered with enjoyment into all that was of chief interest in London life. He says of the opera, after his first visit, "It made me long greatly to see one of the beautiful modern Italian tragedies on a Roman or Florentine stage," and on another occasion speaks of seeing Kemble in a very good comedy of Massinger's, and the new representation of "Blue Beard." His time as private tutor seems to have admitted of much recreation. He looks forward in one letter to a day's shooting, while in

[1] Thomas Rennell, F.R.S., son of the Dean of Winchester, and a distant cousin of Major Rennell the geographer, was Vicar of Kensington, and Prebendary of Salisbury. When at Eton he wrote for "The Miniature," a magazine following in the steps of "The Microcosm," which was edited by Stratford Canning. His papers in it were marked by great ability. He won the Greek Ode at Cambridge, contributed to the "Museum Criticum," and edited the "British Critic." He died in 1824 at the age of 37.

another he writes, "I actually coursed yesterday from 10 till half after 3, galloped after every hare, and leaped *à merveil.*" To think of Hawtrey in connection with such diversions, or to hear him speaking with enthusiasm of dancing may bring a smile to the lips of those who knew him only in the dignified manner of his later years.

There occur in these letters a few allusions to topics of public interest at this period. On February 11th, 1810, he says he will send back "Marmion," which was just out, for his mother to read over again. On October 25th, 1811, he says, "Do you not feel highly interested for the event of the next (or possibly the last) battle in Spain? It appears to me to involve more important consequences than any that has taken place since that of Marengo. England will be weak in herself if she loses 35,000 men." This was about three weeks after the defeat of the French by Wellington at Busaco on September 29th, which was followed by the retreat of Massena from

Portugal. Another allusion to the Peninsular War is in a letter dated July 8th, 1811. "Was Charles (probably a cousin) in this last affair of the advanced guard near Albuera?" This battle had been fought on May 16th, when, in Napier's words, the French "slowly, and with a horrid carnage were pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest edge of the hill, and, at length, the mighty mass breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep."

The next year, after dining at Lord Talbot's, he writes from the New Hummums, May 26th, 1812: "London does not seem to be in the disturbance that was represented, but no one knows when we are to have any Government. Every one disapproves of Lord Wellesley and Canning." This was a fortnight after the assassination of Spencer Perceval, as he was entering the House of Commons; Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning would not serve with Castlereagh, nor would Grenville and Grey join them, as they objected to the Peninsular

War, to which Wellesley was pledged. In the end, Lord Liverpool, with Castlereagh, as his Foreign Secretary, became Minister.

Had this correspondence been more regularly preserved, doubtless many more references would have been found to show the interest that Hawtrey took in the general movement of the period.

In the autumn of 1811 the Provost of King's offered to obtain for Hawtrey the Mastership of the Corporation School at Bristol, which, on pecuniary grounds, he seems for a moment to have thought of taking, but he is determined not to do so if the prospect were unpleasing to his mother, to whom he writes on the subject, November 18th, 1811, from Litton Hall. "You know very well that I must pursue this line of life *in some way or other*. Had I been free, it never would have been my choice, but, as I cannot avoid it, had I not better make up my mind to it? From the circumstance my uncle has mentioned, I do not see the necessity of staying any longer than I like—I shall not be bound to the

school if it does not succeed. I again, however, repeat what I said before, that if it would be disagreeable to you individually, I will not accept it." This plan, however, came to nothing, and every son of Eton must rejoice that the future Head Master of the greatest of English public schools was not relegated to the superintendence of a provincial academy "with a good house, sufficient for 50 or 70 boys, and a very fair salary."

In the following year, 1812, Hawtrey became private tutor to the three sons of Lord Talbot—Viscount Ingestre, who was drowned at the age of nineteen, in a branch of the Danube, at Vienna, where he was attached to the British Embassy; Arthur Chetwynd, afterwards Rector of Ingestre; and John Chetwynd, Q.C., well known as a very successful counsel in the Parliamentary line, the father of the present Member for the University of Oxford, and of the present Bishop of Rochester.

Hawtrey describes his first meeting with Lady Talbot, whose grandeur he had some-

what dreaded. "But she soon," he says, "relieved me, and I never found myself so much at home with any great lady (not excepting Lady Sefton) as I did with Lady Talbot in less than a quarter of an hour." While he was [1] tutor to these three boys, he lived in a house about half a mile from Ingestre Hall, which obtained at that time the name of Birch Hall, said to be so called from the frequent use of that weapon, and the house rejoices in that name to this day.

[1] For the above particulars I am indebted to the kindness of Lt.-Col. the Hon. W. P. M. C. Talbot, Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords.

CHAPTER II.

Assistant Mastership at Eton.

1814-1834.

'Αλλ' ἐκείνους ζητητέον τοὺς δημιουργοὺς τοὺς εὐφυῶς δυναμένους ἰχνεύειν τὴν τοῦ καλοῦ τε καὶ εὐσχήμονος φύσιν, ἵν' ὥσπερ ἐν ὑγιεινῷ τόπῳ οἰκοῦντες οἱ νέοι ἀπὸ παντὸς ὠφελῶνται ὁπόθεν ἂν αὐτοῖς ἀπὸ τῶν καλῶν ἔργων, ἢ πρὸς ὄψιν ἢ πρὸς ἀκοήν τι προσβάλῃ.

Plato, *Republic*, iii. 401.

I pass to the next stage in Hawtrey's life. Hitherto there had been marked out before him no very clear path as to his future, unless we are, perhaps, to trace in one of his letters to his mother a definite purpose to devote himself at the University to a wide survey and study of languages, but even that he shows himself ready to relinquish, should it prove unacceptable to those whose wishes he always had most at heart. It is

where he says that sooner than it should be a diminution of his mother's or sister's comfort, "I would with pleasure give up my darling object at Cambridge, and throw every letter of Hebrew, Persian, and Italian into the fire." But whatever ideas or ambitions presented themselves to him as to a profession, we may feel sure that they were not common or unworthy ones. In his undergraduate days he had been "kept still above low descents of mind," and with little inducement, as we have seen there was in those days for a King's man to exert himself at all, so far from allowing his intellect to lie fallow, he had sketched out for himself and pursued a systematic course of hard reading, and had cultivated with assiduity modern as well as ancient literature, and had managed to combine with tutorial duties some attention to his favourite studies. If his University friends were few, those we hear of were select; such men as Lonsdale, Patteson, Sumner, Rennell—all of them gifted and destined to rise. Certain we may be that he would heartily have adopted

as his motto the noble sentiment of Goethe,

> Sich vom Halben zu entfernen
> Und im Ganzen Guten Schönen
> Resolut zu leben.

The first hint of the possibility of an Eton Mastership occurs in a letter dated Jan. 24th, 1811, but it was not followed up by any definite invitation at that time. At length, in 1814, the summons came from the Head Master, which decided what the colour and character of his future life was to be. In the diary of Dr. Keate, there is a memorandum of his having to dine one evening in the Audit room, to meet his newly appointed young Assistant Master, Edward Craven Hawtrey. Unfortunately, no account has been preserved of the opening of his career in this new sphere of work, and the first record of any length, deals not with the business of the school-time, but with the summer holidays of the year after his appointment, 1815, when with two companions, Irving and Turner, he visited Paris for the first time, where he

looked forward to an introduction to the Royal Librarian.

At the risk of incurring the criticism that accounts of foreign travel are generally the part that could most easily be dispensed with in a biography, I will extract some portions of the diary sent home to his mother at an interesting period, for till the peace of 1814, France had been a closed country for about twenty years. This trip took place only about two months after Waterloo.

The first place he naturally describes is Calais. "Aug. 4th, 1815, about 7 I rose and walked *tout seul* round the town. I was a good deal struck with the excessive blackguard appearance of the Guards at the different gates and on the ramparts, who are mostly National, without any uniform, [with] rusty muskets, and dirty in a most inconceivable degree. I went into Notre Dame, a handsome church, but disgraced by many absurd pictures, which do not quite suit a Protestant age. Among the rest, was a Saint Jacques *habillé en cavalier*,

on a grey pony in the clouds, coming to the assistance of his favourite *Français.*" Leaving Calais and taking very much the same route as that of the Nord Railway, he observes all he sees on the way. "Though still near the coast, one begins to perceive the difference between a Continental and an island atmosphere. The clearness of the air makes a visible alteration in the colours of the distance, and though the prospect for most of the way consisted of little but unripe corn, tares, and grass, very few trees, and not much extent of view, it was nevertheless pleasing for its richness and novelty." At Boulogne he is filled with admiration at the natural advantages of the situation and the harbour, but with all this there was not one foreign ship to be seen—but one English corvette in the offing—none of the bustle or crowd of a common English fishing town. "Not a warehouse open, or of any use if it had been, but a *morne* silence and *désœuvrement* in every direction, that marked the ravages of a miserable reign of anarchy and terror. One solitary brigg (*sic*) was

sailing, and some fisher-boys were wandering about on the jetty. We asked them where they fished? *Où sont les poissons* was the reply, a readiness of reply that might well surprise one in such a scene of wretchedness." At Samer, "the only place worth seeing is *les débris d'une Abbaye des Sœurs Begouines* (*vide*[1] Tristram Shandy), which have been converted part into a hospital, and the rest into barracks. So wholly has this detestable Revolution destroyed even the memory of anything sacred, that the wretches about me did not even know the name of the order of the Benevolents who had probably saved the lives of their own parents, and might have relieved them, had they yet remained there."

On the whole route from Calais to Amiens they only met two gentlemen, beggars being almost the only living creatures that they encountered. On the walls of Montreuil he observed, "a letter of the allied sovereigns, put up in each of the languages of the different nations, expressly forbidding any

[1] Vol. viii. Original edition, ch. xx.

interference with Post houses, or ill-usage of the Post masters, and signed by all the commanders. This order seems to have been universally complied with." This leads him to describe the cabriolet, the kind of conveyance they chose out of the three used for posting, the two others being the calèche and berline. "The postillion is dressed in a smart dirty blue jacket turned up, and faced with red, and loaded with buttons. His hair is generally powdered and in a tail, and his feet put into jackboots, nearly as big as a port-manteau."

A few paragraphs may be quoted on Abbeville: "We directed our course first to the church, which is a most beautiful Gothic building as far as it was raised by the English (for it was raised in the time of the Regent Bedford), but the rest of it is low, and very unequal to the commencement. I was disgusted at the very great inattention to the service, and the gross impropriety of leading us through the midst of those who were employed in the

Mass. . . . We saw here several infantry and dragoons, who, with the Prussians and Brunswickers, are placed about in cantonments at different distances from Paris. They seem very well pleased with their quarters, and the French very well satisfied with them—I mean with the English only, for the Prussians are universally detested, though I believe they really have not done one half the mischief that has been imputed to them."

Meeting with a carriage accident on their next stage, they were delayed by the necessary repairs at a blacksmith's, whose family caused them some amusement. "They were good Bourbonistes, and had stuck up two flaming-coloured prints of the king and Monsieur on their walls. Madame was mightily pleased with displaying the beauties of the latter, and on my telling her that I knew it to be like, as I had seen Monsieur in England."

Of Amiens he notices how it had less of revolutionary principles during the reign of the Terrorists than perhaps any town in

France, and was always looked upon by the Directory with suspicious eyes. He has much to say—more than at this date would repay reproduction—on the Cathedral and the Hôtel de Ville, with the cloth on which the famous Treaty of Peace for one year was signed still on the table. An illustration of the national fickleness is given in the following sentence: "In one room there is a pedestal for Gresset,[1] a native of this town, which was displaced last year for a statue of the King, which in March made way for Buonaparte. That, of course, is now removed, and they say the poet whose statue is far the best of the three, will now resume his place. . . . Our conductor, who seemed a quiet, intelligent fellow, spoke very loyally, and gave us reason to suppose that such was the

[1] Jean Baptiste Louis Gresset, born at Amiens 1709, died 1775, author of "Vert-Vert," adventures of a parrot, said to be one of the wittiest productions in French, and of some plays. In the latter part of his life he condemned some of his former works, by which he gave great offence to Voltaire.

general disposition of the Picards. He talked highly of the English, but was not pleased at our having spared Buonaparte's life, which he said would certainly have been taken with the goodwill of France."

The following passage in the journal is of some interest, as giving the relative prices of living in France and England at that period as compared with the present time: "The houses in Amiens appear none of them to have been built later than the time of Louis XIII., but they are solid, lofty, well-proportioned edifices, which would put on a very comfortable appearance if they could be filled with English families. I should think an English family of about eight persons, including servants, might live here *very* comfortably for £400 a year. The price of all articles of consumption is uncommonly reasonable—no meat higher than 5*d.* the pound, unless you choose the joint, which will bring it to 6*d.* or 7*d.* the pound. Game, fowls of all kind, are in the same proportion. The finest peaches at three-

farthings or a penny each. Wearing apparel, except in cloth, is equally cheap. Excellent silk stockings may be bought for 6*s.* 8*d.* the pair, and the finest cambric at 8*s.* 4*d.* the yard. Shoes at 4, 5, and 6 francs. There are, however, two or three very important objections to emigration which will deter thinking people from venturing at present. In the first place things are by no means quiet. They hate the allies, though they pretend to make an exception in favour of the English, and will be happy to take full revenge of their disgraces on the heads of those foreigners who may be here when the armies have left them. In the next place the whole nation, as far as I can see myself, and can hear from well-informed, impartial Frenchmen, is so entirely demoralized, that society is not to be had but at a risk which few would choose to venture; and lastly, if these objections could be done away with, the crowds of simpletons whom the love of novelty is daily drawing, and will continue to draw hither till there is another grand

explosion, must in a short time greatly diminish, if not wholly do away with, all the advantages which small families might propose to themselves from the cheapness of necessaries. From this digression you may collect that I do not wish you to change Berkshire for Picardy at a moment's warning."

Another proof of the impoverished state of Northern France at this time was the extreme paucity of modern buildings all along the route from Calais to the metropolis.

"From Calais to Boulogne we only saw *one* house which seemed to have been built since the last fifty years. At Montreuil we observed one new house; all the rest had the appearance of at least the time of Louis XIV. We were surprised at seeing a new church, *the only one* perceivable on the whole route, in a little village on our right on leaving Helecourt."

The general derangement that prevailed was further seen in the destruction of the

Orangery at Chantilly, and evidenced by descriptions such as the following: "On leaving Nouvion, a ruined château appeared on the left; the windows broken; the gardens filled with weeds, and not a single inhabitant. Such melancholy traces of the Revolution struck us indeed in every direction, and it seemed most extraordinary that the purchasers, who, though low men, are mostly rich, should have so little taste as to desert them. The consequences of their desolation are everywhere seen, and lamented by the poor inhabitants, who have now no patron to look to."

The subject of linguistic peculiarities, as we should expect, constantly attracted Hawtrey's attention, *e.g.* at Montreuil.

"In this part of Picardy, for the Boulinais is generally confounded with Picardy, the *patois* is particularly guttural and disagreeable—some of the words so clipped and changed that it is impossible to make them out." And again, after leaving Abbeville, he writes: "The Picardy dialect is here at its worst, and the constant placing *ch*

instead of *soft c* is now and then very puzzling, not to mention a totally different formation of the verbs, which rather approaches to the Italian."

The last entry in the Diary, which extends over three weeks, is August 23, 1815, Paris; but unfortunately the record of his stay in the Capital is not available.

Of all late Etonians, the one whose memory probably went back farthest upon Eton history was the veteran Archdeacon Denison, Vicar of East Brent, who has just closed his long and active life. He was an Oxford First Class man, a Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, Latin Essay and English Essay Prizeman 1828 and 1829. Three of his brothers, John Evelyn, Speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards Lord Ossington; Edward, Fellow of Merton, and Bishop of Salisbury; and William, afterwards Sir William, Governor of Madras, preceded him by a few years at Eton. Archdeacon Denison witnessed the Marriott Rebellion, in 1818, described by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, and speaks in "Notes of my

Life" with admiration of the summary way in which it was put down by Dr. Keate, "as tidy a bit of sound and wholesome discipline as one would desire to see." He was not one of Hawtrey's pupils, but when he went to Eton in 1817, at the age of eleven and a half, he was placed under him in the Upper Division of the Fourth Form, and he told me that he had many happy memories of him. He only remained at Eton till Christmas, 1819, but by that time he was in the Upper Division of the Fifth Form, though he was but thirteen.

Bishop Abraham can remember being in Hawtrey's Division; and speaks of the great change effected by the foundation of the Newcastle Scholarship in 1829. Before that date work had certainly not been the order of the day; and, indeed, there was no incentive whatever outside the ordinary routine. To be "sent up for good" was the sole object of ambition, and that could only appeal to a few. There was nothing to record in the School Lists beyond the bare record of the

names.[1] Abraham was much impressed by the new life which Hawtrey then infused into the school work, as distinct from his care of his own pupils.

Of these last a considerable, though far from complete, record can be made out. The list contains the names of many who distinguished themselves in various walks of life. The most gifted probably, and the one who gave greater promise of eminence than any other, was the Arthur Henry Hallam who is inseparably associated with Tennyson's immortal poem, "In Memoriam."

> Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata neque ultra
> Esse sinent.

Born in 1811, from his early childhood he displayed the germs of unusual intellect

[1] I have before me the "Eton Calendar for the Lent Schooltime, 1896." This goodly volume, over two hundred pages in length, with its muster-roll of 1,045, its plan of the College, and its copious information on things new and old systematically arranged, reflects the progress made since the beginning of this century.

and thoughtfulness, joined to great sweetness of disposition. In October, 1822, he went to Eton, and continued there till the summer of 1827.

He became a good, though not perhaps a first-rate scholar in the technical sense of the word. In his Latin verse composition, which was good without being excellent, he took no great pleasure, and in the latter part of his school career he was led more and more away from ancient literature to study English poetry, especially the older dramatists. When about fifteen years old, he became a member of the Debating Society, and in his last year contributed to the "Eton Miscellany" (a magazine for which Mr. Gladstone also wrote) a poem on a story connected with Lake Killarney, almost the first poetry he wrote. In all this we may be sure that he had in his tutor one who would do all in his power to foster studies so congenial to his own tastes, and requiring special care at a time when roughness and bullying were too prevalent. Arthur Hallam was fortunate in having

the sheltering protection of Hawtrey, so as to develop

> A life that all the Muses deck'd
> With gifts of grace, that might express
> All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All-subtilising intellect.

A portrait of Arthur Hallam, painted for Dr. Keate by Sir Martin Shee, from which a bust was executed with great skill and success by Sir Francis Chantrey, hangs in the Election Chamber.

In connection with this period, the following communication from his school-friend, Mr. Gladstone, will be read with interest, both as a page in the writer's experience of his boyhood, and as embodying the high opinion of Hawtrey's influence that he has retained unshaken after so many years.

"My recollections," he writes, "of Dr. Hawtrey are few, but they are vivid. I was not his pupil at Eton, and I was only under him in the School for one-half of the year 1822, when I was in the Upper Remove of the Fourth Form. During that period (I had gone first to Eton in Septem-

ber, 1821) he 'sent me up for good.' It was an event in my life, and he and it together for the first time inspired me with a desire to learn and to do, which was never wholly lost, though there was much fluctuation before it hardened into principle and rule at a later period of my life.

"I well recollect, however, the morning of this (for me) great occurrence. I was ordered to repair to Mr. Hawtrey's house. There I saw him, and he went through the verses very carefully with me, making such corrections, or improvements perhaps, as he thought necessary. The novelty of the situation to me was extreme, for he all the way through maintained the kindest manner, and appeared to feel an interest in me, which I, a boy of twelve, thought singular and unaccountable, but at the same time enjoyed with much fluttering and a thrill of new hope and satisfaction.

"Though I had no direct intercourse with Dr. (then Mr.) Hawtrey during all my remaining years at Eton, I was very intimate for the later two or three years

with Arthur Hallam, who boarded in his house, so that we messed together though we lived at opposite ends of Eton, the breakfast being at his room and mine in alternate weeks. Being so much in his house, and having in this way formed a friendship with Gerald Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor, who also lived there, I naturally had more means of forming an opinion about him than Eton boys in general. I looked upon him as first and best among all the masters of the school at the time.

"The late Lord Mount Temple and his elder brother Lord Cowper both, I think, lived in that house. I will not be positive about Mr. Kinglake. My brother-in-law, Sir Stephen Glynne, was among the inmates, and was a favourite pupil much admitted into the domestic interior."

Gerald Wellesley, mentioned in this letter, used to speak highly of the care taken by his tutor of his boarders, and his scrupulous attention to their wants and to all matters of propriety in their conduct. The testimony of Bishop Ryle is also of

great value for this distant period. He writes thus on January 2nd, 1890:

"It is 55 years since I left Eton, and I need not say that I have forgotten many things after such a lapse of time. I boarded in Hawtrey's house for nearly seven years, and I left Eton when Keate resigned and Hawtrey became Head Master.

"I have none but the most favourable recollections of Hawtrey. His house was extremely well managed, and, in the matter of food and attendance to all our wants, I could not find a fault. As a tutor, I shall always be grateful for Hawtrey. He took great pains with any boy that was disposed to read, gave excellent advice, encouraged private reading, and helped me immensely in preparation for Oxford. In fact, under his guidance, I read privately nearly all the books in which I was finally examined at Oxford; and I am certain that if it had not been for Hawtrey, I should never have been a First-class man side by side with Dean Stanley in classics, or Craven University Scholar.

"In fact, I am sure I could have done much more if I had paid more attention to his advice, and given more time to the books he advised me to read.

"But as I was captain of the Eleven, the last year I was at Eton, you will readily understand that I had not time to read as much as I might have done.

"I always found Hawtrey very good-tempered and good-natured, and though rather a prim old bachelor in his ways, ready to give attention to any boy who would take pains.

"It struck me that his standard of scholarship, both in Greek and Latin, was very high, and the longer I lived after I gave up Latin and Greek, the more I thought so. At any rate, the standards of men from other great public schools whom I met at Oxford, never appeared to me so accurate as Hawtrey's.

"As to my contemporaries, I am afraid I can tell you very little. Hallam was gone before I went to Eton. Most of the men in Hawtrey's house are dead. I have

a general impression that there were more peers and baronets in the house than in any other house in Eton."

In proof of Bishop Ryle's last statement, a long and interesting list might be given. It will, however, be enough to specify the following, besides those already mentioned, as a few among Hawtrey's boarders and pupils. Five Talbots—the three already mentioned (Chapter I.)—to whom he was private tutor before going to Eton, and three brothers, Gilbert, Hon. and Right Rev. Monsignore Talbot, D.D., and Col. W. P. M. Talbot, who writes of his tutor, that "he was a very urbane and kindly man, and we were very well treated under his roof." Two Molesworths, brothers of Sir William, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Littleton, afterwards Lord Hatherton, Hon. George Cavendish, M.P., and his brother Richard, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, M.P., Lord Redesdale, Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, who in proposing Dr. Hawtrey's health at an Election Dinner spoke of "the

books he would lend us! the books he gave us!"

Two other distinguished men, who went out of his pupil-room, here demand special notice. Charles Badham, D.D., and the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

Badham, Head Master in 1854 of the Proprietary School at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, and the accomplished scholar of whom it was said with scarcely an exaggeration, that he knew all Greek poetry by heart, edited the Iphigenia, the Helena and the Ion of Euripides, and also Plato's Philebus and Euthydemus, all in a masterly manner. He was also a profound Shakespearian. He resembled his tutor in having an almost equal command of Latin, French, and Italian, to that he had of Greek. The following testimonial to his scholarly gifts was written by Hawtrey. "I have known him for nearer forty than thirty years, and I can sincerely say that among all I have had to deal with in my Eton experience, I have never known a more remarkable scholar. His published editions of portions of Plato

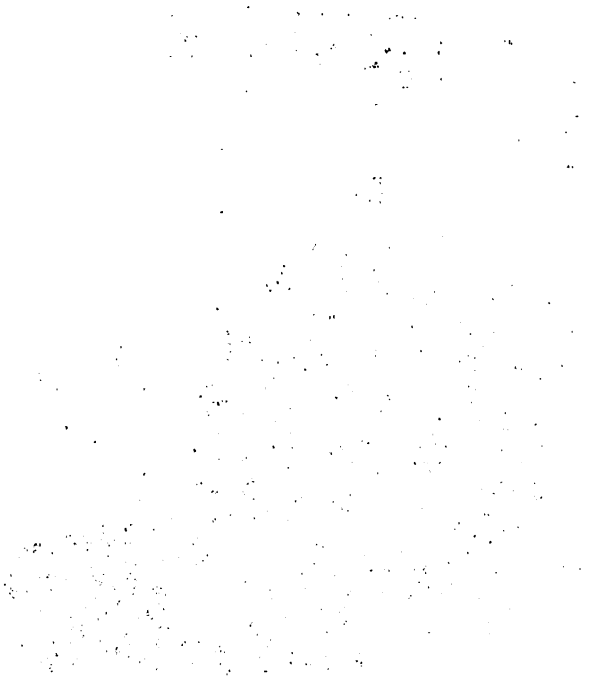
and Euripides, recall the skill of Porson more than the criticisms of any living scholar." He ended his days in Australia, having been appointed in 1867 Professor of Classics and Logic in the University of Sydney.

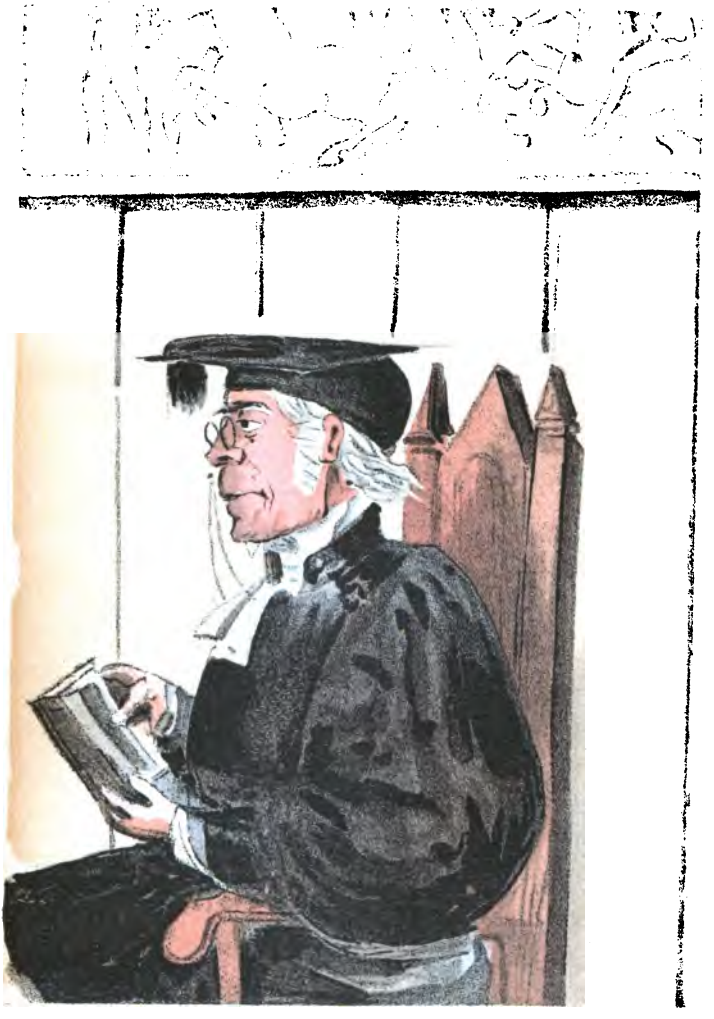
Hawtrey's life-long friend, that able statesman and writer, the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1855, translated Boeckh's "Public Economy of Athens," and Müller's "History of Greek Literature," and was the author, among other works, of "An Inquiry into the Credibility of the early Roman History." This last book he dedicated in 1855 to Provost Hawtrey, "In Memory of the Benefits derived from his Instruction by his obliged Friend and former Pupil."

But Hawtrey's influence was by no means confined to his own boarders and pupils. From Bishop Abraham's language quoted above, it is evident that this was the case. And it must have required all the utmost efforts of a man of Hawtrey's high cul-

ture and natural kindliness of disposition, to cope with the difficulties of his day. For it must be remembered that we are dealing with a period, the close of which was over sixty, while its beginning was over eighty, years ago. One of the great hindrances to the teaching then was the unwieldy size of the Divisions, necessitating the rough-and-ready methods of discipline then in vogue, when offenders were "put in the bill" almost by dozens at a time. Another great evil was the inordinate amount of repetition[1] required, all

[1] It is strange to think how long this wholesale repetition lingered on. It had not disappeared in the early fifties, at the end of my school life. Whether good old Homer were nodding or not, all had to be learnt. It may be said that it strengthened the memory, but even if so, it was at the expense of other faculties that needed development. It was not till a later date that I cared much for the Iliad, beyond a few passages. The appetite had been killed by plethora. And yet I used to say over to myself, long before I left Eton, the speeches of Œdipus in both the immortal tragedies of Sophocles, and parts of the Medea, so powerful a hold had they laid on me in my private reading. An exception should be made in favour





Hawtrey to a Sixth Form Præpostor breaking down in repetition of Juvenal, "Oh! I see what it is! You haven't learnt it at all."

the lessons from the poets that had been construed, having to be indiscriminately learnt by heart. To encourage the love of letters and knowledge under such circumstances was no light task.

"That a boy could be as idle as he liked at Eton," a saying often repeated carelessly of later times, when it no longer held good, was true then. The freedom which was considerable fifty years ago, must have been still greater in 1814-1834, when the new subjects were not even in their embryo or nascent state, while the classics held undisputed sway. But there was at least this advantage, that for naturally studious lads there was leisure for more extensive

of the Juvenal said by the Sixth Form Præpostors, in their week of leisure. The preparation of it spread over a longer time, and was therefore less of a strain. And it introduced us to an author outside the beaten track of the school-books. A curious case of mechanical iteration occurred to me as a Master. A boy was stumbling in a wearisome way over the first of two Odes of Horace. I suggested to him to go on at the second of them, and said "Try 'Vides ut altâ.'" "*Trivides ut altâ*," he promptly began—and ended.

reading than is now possible, when the curriculum has been so enlarged by modern demands

> in an age, when every hour
> Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death.

After all the man is as important as the system. And Hawtrey was a man to foster and stimulate the spirit of learning, and kindle enthusiasm for classical and literary attainments, where a spark of it existed. His capacity for work, and desire for improvement, was shown in the "Eton Atlas of Comparative Geography," published under his care. In the Quarterly Review of August 1834, it is thus noticed, "We have no scruple to pronounce this work almost a singular instance of a school-book which fully comes up to the improved state of knowledge on a most important subject." In the same article mention occurs of "the beautiful version of Goethe, prefixed to the little selection from that poet, lately printed at Eton, 1833. Perhaps his *lyrical* vein has never been so well caught as by Mr.

Hawtrey." Few people, comparatively speaking, in England, even knew the name of Goethe at that date, the year after his death. The writer of the article predicts the speedy incorporation of the study of modern language, with the business of the school, from "a scholar who can transfuse the grace of English poetry into German or Italian, or from one foreign language to another, with such perfect idiomatic propriety, and frequently with so much skill and felicity of expression." For during the whole of this period, so far as his duties permitted, Hawtrey must have been a learner as well as a teacher,

> And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche,

studying general literature and acquiring a knowledge of many languages, his intimate acquaintance with which made him known in London as "the English Mezzofanti."

Many scholars highly gifted and of great promise, went forth from Eton at this time, and it is fair to conclude, that some of these

were directly or indirectly indebted to Hawtrey, for stimulus, assistance, and encouragement. Among such were Henry Nelson Coleridge, author of "Introduction to the Study of the Greek Poets;" The Earl of Carlisle, Earl Canning, Governor-General of India, The Earl of Elgin who held the same post, Frederic Tennyson, brother of the late Poet Laureate, himself author of "Days and Hours," Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, translator of the Iliad, Lord Lincoln, afterwards as Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War during the Crimean War, Sir Frederic Rogers—the late Lord Blatchford—Sir Francis Doyle, Sir Edward Creasy, Chief Justice of Madras, who dedicated to Hawtrey his "Memoirs of Eminent Etonians," and four of the contributors to "the Etonian," namely, Walter Blunt, and the late Bishop Durnford, John Moultrie, and above all Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

With regard to Praed we have more positive testimony as to Hawtrey's influence and assistance. It is unnecessary to go

again over the story of "The Etonian," which has been so fully told by Mr. Derwent Coleridge and Mr. Maxwell Lyte. But it throws light upon Hawtrey's life at this time, to know that, although he was not Praed's tutor, nor in any way specially connected with him in the school, he took a lively interest in the literary enterprise of the "Apis Matina,"[1] the manuscript journal of six numbers, mainly composed by Praed, in April, May, June, and July of 1820. This was the immediate forerunner of "The Etonian," and eight of its contents afterwards appeared in the larger periodical. Hawtrey was the one among the masters from whom Praed found sympathy and encouragement in his literary pursuits. This we know from his sister the late Lady Young, writing to whom, not long before he left, May 30th, 1821, he expressed his annoyance at his tutor, Mr. Plumptre, having spoken, not to him, but to others,

[1] This interesting manuscript—a model of calligraphy—is now in the Boy's Library at Eton, to which it has been presented by Sir George Young.

of his wasting his time over "The Etonian." Hawtrey, at Praed's request, wrote a criticism on the first number of the "Apis," which was transcribed in the second: and they were on sufficiently equal terms in literary matters, for Praed to ask Hawtrey to pass over his own performances with light praise, or to criticise them in something of the same style as the rest, which Hawtrey accordingly did. Hawtrey wrote a copy of Latin verses on Edmund Turner, a boy who died at Eton, the translation of which, by Praed, appears in "Praed's Poems" (vol. ii. p. 276). A creditable performance in a difficult academic style, a prose composition in imitation of a Platonic dialogue on the same circumstance, by Praed, written at Hawtrey's suggestion ("Etonian," vol. ii. p. 206), is alluded to in the following letter to his sister. "April 8th, 1821, To-morrow I am to dine with Hawtrey; as far as I can make out we are to be *tête-à-tête.* The day that No. 6 came out I dined with my Dame. She had just received a note from Hawtrey, desiring her, 'as she would

see Praed before him, to thank him for the paper on Turner's death.' I do not remember the exact words, but it went on in the most flattering way you can imagine."

The suggestion of the title of the Magazine came from Hawtrey, who is referred to in the following passage, vol. i. p. 26. "The president observed that the name of 'The Etonian' had been recommended to him by a friend, for whom he was sure all present in common with himself, felt the most sincere esteem. (*Cries of Name, name.*) The president gave the name of the gentleman alluded to, which was hailed with loud acclamations, and the blank in the resolution was immediately and unanimously filled up by the title of 'The Etonian.'" It should not be forgotten that Collegers and Oppidans equally contributed to the Magazine, and that this helped to break down the barrier between the two parts of the school, and to create a greater feeling of good fellowship.

Another interesting incident in Praed's career, in which there is no doubt that he

had the assistance and co-operation of Hawtrey, was the inception and progress of the idea of a school library. It was originally planned by Praed as a library for the Eton Society, but enlarged into a school library on the advice of his elder brother, William, who had recently left.[1] Hawtrey's was the aid relied upon to carry it through, and give it permanence so far as the higher powers were concerned, and he quietly did a good deal in the matter. The following passages in letters to his sister show how zealous and thoughtful Praed was in this matter.

"*February 1st*, 1821.

"I am now meditating a very good work. I have been considering that at Harrow and the Charterhouse, and other schools, the upper boys, who have a wish to improve themselves, have the benefit of either a public library belonging to the

[1] The authority for this is the positive statement of the late Lady Young, a sister of Praed's, repeated more than once to her son, the present Sir George Young.

school or of a private one belonging hereditarily to their Dame's House. We have nothing of the kind at Eton. . . . Being restricted to the members of the Society it would be of service to nearly all the clever boys, while it would not be exposed to the mutilations of the idle."

"*March* 11*th*, 1821.

"I believe the following scheme is in a fair way of adoption: A room for the purpose is to be hired at Williams's, the bookseller. The library is to be established and supported by subscription. The number of subscribers is to be limited to 100."

And again on April 8th, 1821:

"The library goes on swimmingly. In the 100 first boys, I believe, only one will refuse to subscribe, and he is a little ape."

On the stall erected to Praed, by his brother, in the chapel, a Latin inscription by Dr. Hawtrey gives due credit to him for the scheme. Such was the origin of that sanctuary of learning, "with a flavour

of literary and scholastic retirement about it," which, in its later stage, owed so much to the munificent gifts of Hawtrey. Within its walls the literary tastes of men like Henry Bradshaw and Algernon Swinburne were fostered and developed.

Praed returned to Eton at the close of his University career as private tutor for two years (1825-1827) to Lord Ernest Bruce, and thus renewed his friendship with Hawtrey. The latter, ten years after Praed's death, sent Moultrie, who had undertaken a memoir of the poet—ultimately written by Derwent Coleridge—a long response to his request for recollections of his friend, the following passages in which are not without interest:

"ETON,
"*October 13th*, 1849.

"'The Etonian' owed its reputation to Praed alone among the actual boy contributors. If any faults were discernible in it the fault was in the times and the general feeling of society during the

Regency, rather than in the writers who followed the times.

"You saw much of his life here as private tutor, where everybody liked him, and where his more fully developed wit and fancy made him equally delightful as a companion and as a writer.

"His active mind was never at rest, and when, after leaving his pupil, he felt inclined to give his thoughts rather to politics than to the Bar, his matured opinion carried him to the evidently losing party of Conservatism.

"No candid adversary could have blamed his change. He had been rash and impetuous in his Liberalism, but it was the fancy of his youth and boyhood. From the day when he entered Parliament he chose his side from conviction against his interest, and he never deserted it. . . .

"I shall never forget one happy week which he passed with me during a summer vacation at Eton, not many months before his death. I never felt more powerfully what a loss his friends

would experience if such a life could not be saved."

The visit here alluded to is thus described in a letter written by Praed to Mrs. Prevost, from which the following passage is an extract :

"ETON COLLEGE,
"*August* 19, 1838.

"A week ago, being much urged to get out of town, and very tired besides of remaining in it, we came hither; and have been passing a short time most delightfully with my excellent friend, Dr. Hawtrey, the most hospitable of Head Masters, the most accomplished of scholars, and the most amiable of men, whom having held in the highest regard and esteem when I was a boy under his authority, I am likely, you may conceive, to look upon with not less partiality now, when respect is mingled with less of awe."

During these twenty years of Assistant Mastership, Hawtrey lived, as he did for eighteen more, in Weston's Yard, in the well-known old house with the picturesque

gables, so interesting from the fact that in its small entrance hall there once stood the press in which Sir Henry Savile printed his famous edition of Chrysostom, from the fount of "silver letter" that he procured from Holland. When the time came that he was to be Head Master, there was much talk at Eton as to whether he would migrate to the house of his predecessor, at the end of the Lane, still bearing the name of Keate, which had a prescription of twenty-five years in its favour. But he preferred to remain where he was, giving up boarders. Interesting from its associations as the building is, as a residence it is inconvenient with its low passage rooms, the width of the dining and drawing-rooms being that of the whole house, and from its close proximity at the back to the constant rumble of the Slough Road traffic. It was not, however, till quite recently that the present Head Master has exchanged those venerable quarters for a more palatial dwelling; and now the Cloisters, which have sheltered so many generations of Fellows in their

retirement from the world, are the laboratory of the busy brain-work, the vigilant care, and thoughtful deliberations inseparable from the organization and government of a great Public School.

CHAPTER III.

HEAD MASTERSHIP OF ETON.

1834—1853.

"An old foundation is worthy of all respect, but it must not take from us the right to build afresh wherever we will."—GOETHE, *Maxims and Reflections.*

IN approaching the central and most important period of Hawtrey's life, I feel that my task is beset by a peculiar difficulty. All readers of Mr. Maxwell Lyte (and what son of Eton does not know and value his work?) recognize the fact that it is from his pages they must gather the fullest and best knowledge of these years. And of all his chapters the twentieth and twenty-first, comprising this period, are perhaps the most delightful. It is no easy task to steer between the Scylla of plagiarism and the Charybdis of omission.

It seems, therefore, best, while availing myself of Mr. Lyte's kind permission to borrow a few passages from him, to pass lightly over certain topics as already sufficiently well known. At the same time, I hope to be able from my own recollections and those of my contemporaries to throw some side lights upon Dr. Hawtrey's reign, particularly during the last part of it.

Twenty-five years; such was the long spell of Dr. Keate's Head Mastership! Ten years more than what Tacitus calls *grande mortalis ævi spatium*, and than that which Arnold at Rugby,[1] and Vaughan at

[1] "Intellectually, as well as morally, he felt that the teacher ought himself to be perpetually learning, and so constantly above the level of his scholars. 'I am sure,' he said, speaking of his pupils at Laleham, 'that I do not judge of them or expect of them, as I should, if I were not taking pains to improve my own mind.' For this reason, he maintained that no schoolmaster ought to remain at his post much more than fourteen or fifteen years, lest, by that time, he should have fallen behind the scholarship of the age; and by his own reading and literary works he endeavoured constantly to act upon this principle himself."—STANLEY, *Life of Arnold*, Chap. iii.

Harrow, prescribed to themselves as the proper limit for the performance of so arduous a duty.

A reform, therefore, of some kind could not but take place when Dr. Keate resigned his post in 1834, and great expectations were entertained on Mr. Hawtrey's appointment as his successor, which were not to be disappointed. Already, to judge from an article in the "Quarterly Review" of that year, there had been some ominous murmurs, and more than one expression of a demand for expansion and general improvement in the Eton system. Of that system it has been said that it had remained almost unchanged since the Reformation. This may be an exaggerated description, but the times no doubt were ripe for a reformer. One fact by itself speaks volumes. In his evidence before the Public Schools Commissioners in 1862, the late Rev. Edward Coleridge made the following statement: "The whole of the Sixth Form, with the Upper Division of the Fifth Form, composed one portion of the school in Dr. Keate's

time. *I was one myself of* 198 *apportioned to one man, and I was called up* (*to construe*) *twice in the school term.*" We ask, how could such a condition of things be allowed to go on eighty years ago? The answer is there was no public opinion, no newspaper press to speak of in those days, no compelling force from outside. Parliamentary Commissions to inquire into institutions like Eton were neither dreaded nor dreamt of in a time of constant war, or later, when Parliamentary Reform was the absorbing topic of national importance. And there were no moral scruples from inside. The men of that day did their duty according to their lights, as their fathers had done before them. The world went very well then in their estimation. The fair ideal of an enlightened education had not dawned, or was only just beginning to dawn, on the thick night of that generation.

The opening of Hawtrey's headship must be regarded as a marked crisis in the coming in of a new civilization in the school; the inauguration of a new tone of mind and

feeling. Keate had broken down the rebellious spirit which raised itself against his government, as it had done against Foster's, and on other occasions. To Hawtrey the merit is due of nourishing the higher qualities: Keate, as it were, felled the trees, but Hawtrey cultivated the soil. Although his chief reforms were not carried out till after the death of Provost Goodall, in 1840, still he began at once to introduce some of the most necessary changes, which were accepted by Goodall, conservative as he was. He at once rendered the divisions of the school much more manageable. Without going into minute details, which at this distance of time must be of interest to very few, it is enough to say that he ceased to attempt to teach the Upper Fifth together with the Sixth in the Upper School, but confined himself to the latter with the addition of the first six Collegers and the first six Oppidans in the Fifth Form. He retired from "the fortress at the end of Upper School, whence Keate had stormed" at the mass beneath him, into "the library"

as his separate class-room, where he introduced some mural decoration, copies of parts of the frieze of the Parthenon, and other slight archæological collections. There he made his lessons a reality instead of being a mere translation of the portion of work assigned, and he brought much of his own reading to bear on the subject by way of illustration. On his own class he produced excellent effects, and those who came under his influence saw that he was in earnest as a teacher. At the same time he subdivided the Fifth Form among the four or five senior assistants, making each of them fully responsible for those under them. "This principle of assigning a certain set of boys to one teacher had in Keate's time been applied to the Remove only: by Hawtrey it was applied to the whole school."

Generous trust in his juniors, or as he always called them, his "Colleagues," was a marked feature in Hawtrey's character, and one to which we shall have occasion to revert. In these changes, introduced at his starting, the new Head Master consulted

his predecessor, "submitting to him for critical examination a plan of school organization." Long conferences were held with Dr. Keate in Windsor, where he now held a canonry. The latter, after considering the proposed changes, said "I should not have had the courage to do this myself, but I highly approve of it, and hope you may get the fullest credit for it."

The number of Masters on the staff was increased, and some, though hardly a sufficient, improvement was made in the introduction of new books. The age of primers on every conceivable subject of instruction, it is true, was still very far distant. There were no Clarendon Press Editions of the Classics by well accredited scholars. Still, it cannot be denied that in some cases the old lesson-books were allowed to hold their place far too long; *e.g.*, the "Scriptores Græci," and "Scriptores Romani," lingering on in use even to quite a recent date. In the latter were some gross misprints, and on one of the masters expostulating with the Eton publisher the reply was "Here is a

book that I have printed sufficient copies of to last for ten years." [1] Under such a system, so favourable to monopoly, the introduction of the newest and best publications was of course very difficult.

Another defect partially but not entirely combated by Hawtrey was that the same books were read without distinction throughout the upper classes. The age of the boys in the Fifth and Sixth Forms varies on an average from fourteen to eighteen, yet for a long period they used to read the same books, and not only this, but the same quantities of each. I can remember in my own experience, as late as the year 1852, feeling the evil of this system by being confined to the same routine of study in some subjects, especially in the Homer lessons, during the last years of my course. The ordinary lessons, however, it is fair to remember, were supplemented by special work in the Greek Plays in the Head Master's Division, by which he made us familiar with

[1] Public Schools Commission, Minutes of Evidence, 4410.

some of the more recent outputs of scholarship, such as the editions of Euripides by his own pupil, Dr. Badham, and of Aristophanes by Dr. Holden. And any estimate of the work done would be a faulty one that omitted the subjects read in "private business" with the tutor.

It must here be added to the credit of Hawtrey that the germ of the system of "School Trials," now so elaborate, is to be traced to him. The so-called trials before his time were no real test of ability or acquirements. The principle of competition had hitherto not been admitted. The boy who did the best was not necessarily placed at the top of his division, as other circumstances were taken into consideration. In general very little alteration was made in the places. With Dr. Hawtrey marks were assigned, and the winner of the greatest number became Captain of his Remove. He also added some new Examinations.

The training and status of the Collegers next engaged his special attention, and in this he had the great advantage of the

active support and warm sympathy of Francis Hodgson. On the death of Dr. Goodall, March 25th, 1840, Hodgson, who was a King's man, and for one year had been a Master at Eton, was nominated by the Crown, that is, by Lord Melbourne, to be elected Provost. The College took advantage of the flaw in his appointment, that he was only M.A., whereas the Statutes required him to be B.D., or D.D., to ask Mr., afterwards Bishop Lonsdale to accept the Provostship; who, on hearing the name of the Crown nominee, at once declined the proffered honour. Meanwhile Mr. Hodgson obtained the necessary degree by royal mandate, and on May 5th, 1840, was duly elected Provost.

The friend of Byron, of Moore, and of Rogers, the son-in-law of the first Lord Denman, the translator of Juvenal, an accomplished scholar of the old-fashioned type, the newly-elected Provost came to Eton, though now in his sixtieth year, full of energy and spirit, and was delighted at the opportunity which his appointment offered

of carrying into effect his long-cherished wish of seeing the Collegers in a position more in accordance with the Founder's evident intentions. As the carriage which conveyed him from Derbyshire (where he had been Vicar of Bakewell) passed on the third evening of its journey through the Eton playing-fields into Weston's Yard, and the College buildings came into sight, the Provost exclaimed with characteristic earnestness, "Please God I will do something for those poor boys!" [1]

It was indeed high time that something was done for "the poor boys" whose manner of life and environment at that time called for all the relief that the warm hearts of those two good men could suggest. Both of them had themselves experienced the wretchedness of the old *régime*. There is no need to dwell further on this piece of ancient history. The name of Long Chamber had for long been a proverb and a reproach. As Mr. Lyte well says: "A boy who passed unscathed

[1] "Hodgson's Life," by his Son. Vol. II., chap. xxi.

the ordeal of a Colleger's life must have been gifted in no common degree with purity of mind and strength of will." The discomforts, the defects of diet, discipline, and accommodation, the want of privacy, and all this aggravated by the extra expense that fell upon parents to meet them, had culminated between the time that Hawtrey and Hodgson had left Eton and had returned to it.[1]

When I entered College in 1847 the pile of the New Buildings had been opened for one year. I can say of Long Chamber, "vidi tantum." On one occasion, while an Oppidan, I was summarily laid hold of in the schoolyard, and fagged by a K. S. to go thither. A paper-chase had taken place, and my services were required to pull off dirty trousers, and help to brush up their owners into a fit state in which to appear at "absence." Another time I was

[1] So low had the Foundation sunk in popular esteem that in one year there were only forty boys where the Founder had intended provision to be made for seventy.

taken up by a cousin, an old Colleger, to see the room. It was at Election time, and I recollect seeing the green rugs, edged with gold-tinted braid, presented by the Duke of Cumberland in 1735, displayed, as they were annually, during the Election week, on the beds of the scholars. The long room was swept and garnished then, but it was a flimsy and temporary veneer, to hide the habitual disorder. Only four years before, in 1842, the King of Prussia had been refused admission to see the sleeping arrangements of the Foundationers.

The Provost's veto on the Head Master, the *bête noire* of the Commissioners in 1862, was in theory no doubt a serious blot on the Eton system, involving as it did the chance of freedom of action being refused to the Head Master when reform was urgently needed. In practice, however, it was perhaps less detrimental to the interests of the school than it was often supposed to be. We have seen that Goodall made no objection to Hawtrey's

initial changes. Certainly in the greater alterations, introduced after 1840, both Provost and Head Master worked together with the most cordial harmony. "I am delighted to find," Hawtrey writes to Hodgson soon after his appointment, "that in almost every point which your letter touches upon we entirely agree." In fact, almost the only matter of importance on which they differed was as to the appointment of the Assistant Masters, whom Hodgson wished to be chosen, as with two exceptions they had always been, from King's men.[1] Hawtrey was anxious to secure Mr. Goldwin Smith as a Master, but though he was one of the most brilliant scholars that Eton ever produced, he was not admissible on the ground that he had been an Oppidan. This seems the only case in which Hodgson, though a Whig,

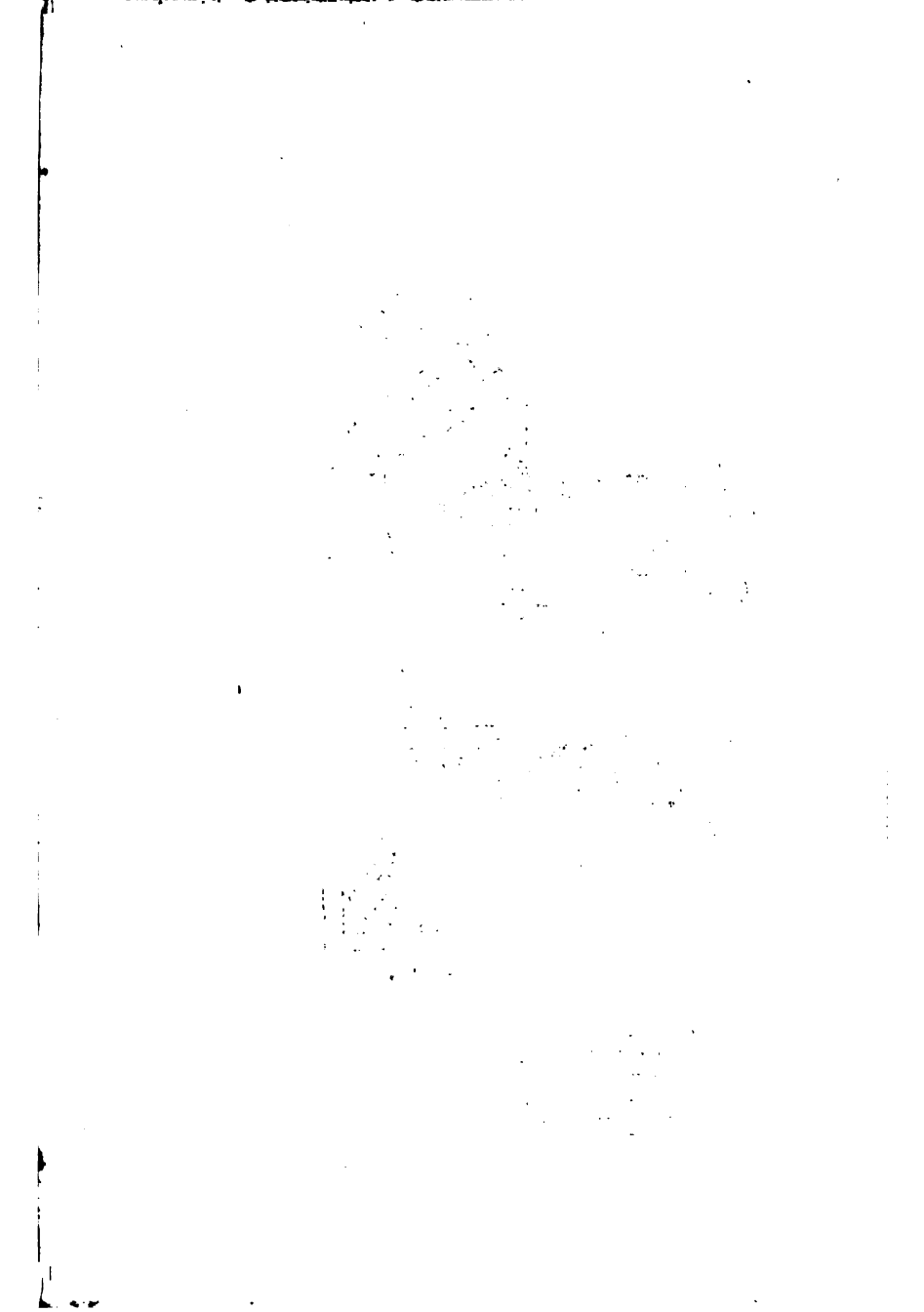
[1] Dr. Keate had been compelled by stress of facts to go outside King's for Masters. He brought Edward Coleridge from Exeter College, Oxford, and Edward Pickering from St. John's College, Cambridge, where they were Fellows, simply because he could not find King's men.

stood in the way of a reasonable reform, such as Arnold would have been free to carry out.

But to return to the measures taken for the improvement of the Collegers that they both had at heart. Two years after Hodgson became Provost, in 1842, the election to a King's Scholarship at Eton ceased to be a matter of nomination, and the candidates were put on the indentures according to the result of examination. Besides the "Election Trials" for succession to King's College Scholarships, "Intermediates" were also introduced as a further stimulus, and a check to idleness. The little room in which the *vivâ voce* examination was conducted is indelibly imprinted on my memory. To go in and meet two elderly dignitaries sitting there in silk cassocks and gowns, and translate a passage from Virgil or Horace, was an ordeal as formidable in its way for a boy of 16, as that of facing the Examiners in the Final School at Oxford. It may be said that in every way Hawtrey strove to raise the Collegers intellectually

and morally to a level with the Oppidans, for in the earlier part of his reign they were far below them; and he never stopped until he had inspired others—*e.g.* the late Prince Consort—with his own enthusiasm and sense of justice to the Founder's Scholars. In this he was rewarded by the self-sacrificing act of Mr. afterwards Bishop Abraham, in 1846, in giving up his overflowing boarding-house to become "Assistant Master in College" a new post, destined to be productive of great good. He would come round in the evening to our rooms—a remarkably upright, military figure—bearing a little lamp; would stand leaning against a bureau and discourse at length in a thoroughly friendly way with us, disarming us of all fear of him as a Master, and managing dexterously to introduce topics of high interest, so as to rivet our attention.

This stimulating influence was a distinct improvement on the former solemn and rare visits of the Head Master, enveloped in a long Spanish cloak as represented in



Hawtrey visiting Long Chamber.

the accompanying illustration, and preceded by his man, Finmore. The latter always carried a short stick, with which he knocked loudly on Long Chamber door to give time for putting away any illicit eatables or drinkables before the Doctor entered.

Hawtrey's delight at the progress made by his efforts came to a climax in 1842, when Rice, K. S., and Joynes, K. S., were Newcastle Scholar and Medallist, the two next also being Foundationers, and he sent into College an epigrammatic message announcing the fact, "Both in College! keep it there!" The note still hangs framed in the Captain's room. It need hardly be said that this double honour has again and again fallen to the King's Scholars in the half century that has elapsed since that time.

Again it was Hawtrey who first placed the teaching of Mathematics on anything like an effective footing. Before 1836 they were not taught at Eton. There was an Arithmetic Master, a retired Major of

the Middlesex Militia, who professed to teach mathematics, but all that he taught amounted to writing and arithmetic, and the achievements of the Fourth Form of that day would hardly have reached the fourth standard of the Elementary Schools of our time. It was not till 1851 that Mathematics became incorporated as part of the regular school work.

The cause of the indifference so long shown to mathematical training lay in the peculiarity of the so-called privilege of the Fellows of King's College, from whom alone the Eton Masters used to be recruited. Ignorant of mathematics, as a rule, from their boyhood, and exempt from the study of them at Cambridge, they felt indifferent to their cultivation when they eventually held the position of a Governing Body at Eton. In 1836 the post of Mathematical Master was offered to an old Etonian, Mr. Boteler, who was 13th Wrangler in 1833. It was to Hawtrey's credit that he made this offer, before he appointed to the post, on Mr. Boteler

declining it, his cousin[1] Mr. Stephen Hawtrey, 11th Wrangler in 1832, who built at his own expense, on ground leased to him by the College, the well-known Mathematical School—the Rotunda[2]—and engaged Assistants of his own. Hawtrey in vain tried to obtain from the Provost the concession that they should wear gowns like the other Masters. In this admission of a most important branch of instruction to a definite place in the curriculum, there may not seem to have been anything more than was absolutely demanded; but relatively to the times, and the previous attitude of the authorities, it was a considerable advance in the right direction.

Keate had been a man of Greek and Latin pure and simple. Very different in

[1] He and his brother John William, who for many years held a Lower School boarding-house, were first cousins once removed of the Provost, being grandsons of his uncle Stephen Hawtrey, the Recorder of Exeter.

[2] The change to the present quadrangle provoked a happy adaptation of the Horatian "mutat quadrata rotundis."

this respect was his successor. Consummate linguist and ardent lover of modern languages as he himself was, Dr. Hawtrey warmly welcomed—if, indeed, he did not suggest—the offer made by Prince Albert in 1841 to found annual prizes in their favour. At the first examination the presence of Dr. Prætorius, a distinguished German scholar, and at that time Librarian at Windsor Castle, was secured. To the last he took a great interest in the competition for these prizes, and he presented to the Boys' Library many volumes of foreign literature. He was also in the habit, when giving books to prizemen for classical distinction, to inquire whether they read French or Italian, and if they answered in the negative, he used invariably to offer them a volume in one of those languages. Probably he had great faith in a clever boy's power of learning much by himself, as he had done in his own boyhood and youth. But the possibility of having French or German taught in a class, whether by one of the regular Assistant Masters or by

a foreigner, he never entertained. There were teachers in all the three principal modern languages, but the subject was taught as an "extra." Encouragement of this, as of other outlying branches of study, was never wanting on his part, but the compulsory enforcement of it was another thing. Even as late as 1862, Mr. Henry Tarver, the French Master at that time, described himself to the Commissioners as an "*objet de luxe.*"

Mr. Coleridge, in the last conversation he ever had with Dr. Hawtrey, said to him, "Is there not something in the disposition of English boys, and especially of Eton English boys, so utterly repugnant to Frenchmen, that it would be impossible to teach the French language in class?" and the Provost, as he then was, replied, "Sorry as I am to own it, I am obliged to confess that it is so." The acquirement of a knowledge of modern languages was, in his opinion, a necessary part of the education of a gentleman, giving a crown and finish to it; but it could not be brought into

rivalry with, or placed on a level with, the study of the Classics. He never faced the problem of reconstructing the school curriculum so as to make them an integral part of it; nor was that problem solved till the Head Mastership of Dr. Hornby, the present Provost, several years later.

Besides the erection of the New Buildings in 1846, already mentioned, by which so great a revolution in the status and mode of life of the Collegers was effected, attached to which was the very handsome and spacious room set apart for the Boys' Library—a boon to the Oppidans as well as to the King's Scholars—several other important material improvements belong to this period. One of these, the closing of the Old Christopher Inn, from which readers of Horace Walpole will remember that one of his letters full of Eton phraseology is dated, excited a strong resistance. The arguments, however, persistently urged by Dr. Hawtrey in a letter to the Provost, which Mr. Lyte quotes, proved irresistible. In 1844 the Sanatorium for cases of infec-

tious disease was founded, towards the building of which Hawtrey himself liberally contributed. Great care was taken to prevent the Great Western and South Western Railways—"the double-barrelled assault of the Iron Demon"—from coming too close to this structure. In thus guarding against fever and panic, as well as by a thoroughly efficient system of drainage, completed shortly afterwards at a cost of about £4,000, which called forth a letter of thanks from the Engineer, complimenting the College on the immense moral effect that its example would have, Eton was shown to be far in advance of other public schools.

In the thorough restoration of the College Chapel, which began in 1844 with the boys' subscription for filling the east window with Willement's stained glass, and comprised the removal of the old unsightly reredos and the high boxes of pews in which some of the Masters' wives, and the College servants were ensconced—wasting space which afterwards accommodated some 300 boys—Dr.

Hawtrey naturally took a keen interest. It was he who in 1847 employed the artist, Mr. R. H. Essex, to preserve a record of the beautiful mural paintings, assigned to the date 1479-1487, which were revealed on the removal of the whitewash barbarously applied in 1561, and of the panelling put up in 1700, where now the handsome canopied oak stalls rise nearly to the string-courses of the windows. While the work of restoration was going on, the services were conducted in a temporary wooden building, which we called the Tabernacle. I remember well the stifling heat from the lowness of the roof. In it Mr. Plumptre preached some of his quaint sermons, from the little pulpit, which brought him into unusual proximity with his hearers. He used carefully to examine the cushion before he began, as though he half suspected some trick.

The Chapel services were certainly the least satisfactory feature of Eton in Hawtrey's time and long afterwards. Those in the afternoon on week-days, especially when there was no music, were regarded by the

boys as a mere roll-call, or substitute for "absence." The natural result was listlessness, inattention, sometimes even irreverence. Hawtrey by himself was powerless to introduce a reform: it was not simply a question of his influence with the Provost: the Fellows also, who rested on their statutable rights, had to be reckoned with, before any change was possible, either in the mode of conducting the services, their length, the hours at which they were held, or in the matter of preaching. Defences more ingenious than valid were put forth in behalf of the absurdities and evils of the system. It required a Parliamentary Commission to give it its *coup de grâce.* Strange as it may seem, and intolerable as it would have been to Arnold, the Head Master could only by sufferance address his boys from the pulpit. Very rarely did Hawtrey do so; he was permitted, however, in Lent, to give some lectures on the Catechism, which he afterwards (1848-1849) had privately printed in Paris, and some of these were extremely striking. One on the VIth Com-

mandment was particularly fine, when he spoke rhetorically, but touchingly, on the indelible effects of school-boy bullying, and the remorse it brought in after years. "You may depend upon it, that to many men who in after life have seen their error, who have become kind and Christian-like in their deportment, and who use any authority which they may possess in their new condition as if they were well aware under whose eyes they were acting—you may depend upon it, that to such men, in their solitary hours, the recollection of such youthful errors is a source of very painful and unavailing regret. There is not one who would not undergo all the little troubles a hundred times repeated, which he thought to save himself by those petty tyrannies."

He then introduced what was perhaps the most effective classical quotation ever made in a sermon.

> magno optaverit emptum
> Intactum Pallanta.—*Æn.* x. 503.

The perfect emphasis of his delivery

remained vividly impressed, some forty years later, on the memory of one of the Masters who was sitting close by the preacher. The lecture concluded with some highly wrought passages on the treatment while at school of Shelley and Sidney Walker, that strange genius who in his boyhood is said to have known the whole of Homer and Virgil by heart.

Of the influence on Eton of a refined scholar, a courteous gentleman, an ardent promoter of every good work, and a most generous benefactor from his own purse, there can be no question. Keate had ruled by physical force, but, besides that, there was a tone of suspicion about him which had a bad effect. Hawtrey, on the other hand, accepted a boy's word. "Your candour disarms me," as he was known to say, was a startling change after the rough style of his predecessor. Cricket fagging he abolished, but ordinary fagging remained as it had been. On athletics, "Those fine manly games!" he did not frown, but at

that period they were left very much to take care of themselves.

Mental culture he everywhere fostered. The English Essay Prize he himself founded, and in the competition for it he took a lively interest. In his own Division, no doubt, he rather led the willing than drove the laggards. The high-pressure system was not to his taste; but it may be questioned whether the absence of forcing was not more than counterbalanced by the zest he kindled for literary knowledge.

A practice obtained at Eton during the early part of Hawtrey's Head Mastership of private tutors being allowed, chiefly in the case of the sons of noblemen, that is, without their being compelled to have a tutor among the Masters on the staff. This privilege Hawtrey abolished, and the last who was permitted to have one was the late Lord Powis. Private tutors, *additional* to the regulation tutor, went on for a long period after the death of the subject of this Memoir, the office

having been held in his time notably by George Augustus Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, and by his brother William, Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge.

With regard to his intercourse with and attitude towards his Assistant Masters, they were thoroughly satisfactory. I have, besides my own recollection of the perfect harmony on this point that existed during the seven years of my school life, the evidence of those who worked under him, some of them now dead, some few still surviving. One speaks of "his singularly trustful liberality towards his Assistants, his giving so much freedom, such opportunities of action to them, his splendid generosity, his unforced sympathy with and honest affection for his juniors," adding that he had the rare gift of praising and encouraging young authors. Another says, "He was always a most kindly, amiable man to apply to or consult, and he was always ready to adopt improvements." "In some cases he gave far more freedom of action to

members of the staff on whom he knew he could rely than could have been expected from one reared in the *dilettante* age of the Parisian *salon* life, and among the mutual admirers of the London clubs." In some few instances this generous conduct was taken advantage of; but it was altogether a wise course to follow George Selwyn's lead, though he was but a private tutor, and to delegate, as he did, the river management to a committee—one of the Fellows called it "putting the Head Mastership in commission"—and form the swimming-school, after the drowning of Charles Montagu, May, 1840.

It must not, however, be supposed from the above sketch that Hawtrey's reign was a succession of uninterrupted triumphs. As a rule, uneasy must lie the head that wears the cap of a Head Master. Mr. William Rogers, who left Eton in 1837, says, "There was a disposition at one time among some of the older boys to resist him, but I never saw reason to question his fairness, and one could not but respect

his unfailing good humour." When he was comparatively new to office an untoward incident marred somewhat the reputation he had won for tact and moderation. This was the summary expulsion of two boys found with squibs in their pockets on November 5th, a day which before this had caused him trouble. In consequence of the death of a boy from burning, Hawtrey had threatened to expel any one who took part in letting off fireworks, injudiciously saying beforehand what he would do, where his predecessor would have warned them that they would do it at their peril. "However," to quote Mr. Lyte, "he lived down all temporary unpopularity, and boys and parents alike came to recognize the nobleness of his character. In his second year the number of names on the school-list was only 444, but in the course of the next ten years he raised it gradually up to the unprecedented total of 777, an achievement of which he was justly proud."

This was in 1846. At this point it will

be well to continue the interesting communication of Mr. Gladstone in a letter, the first part of which has been given on pages 48-50.

"After leaving Eton," he says, "I saw a good deal of this excellent and most accomplished man, full of taste and knowledge, of liberality, and of industry. In the love of his pursuits he seemed to forget all self-love. He was thought to be rather smart in dress, with an innocent smartness, and always maintained at a high level the character of a clergyman. In the year 1840, as the colleague of my brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, I examined for the Newcastle Scholarship, spending that week in his house, and when free, in his company. I also visited him at other times, and found all intercourse with him delightful.

"I recollect well the overboiling, so to speak, of his pleasure on an Election, when the numbers on the School List touched seven hundred and seventy-seven. He almost danced for joy. He was Etonian

to the core. I remember a conversation in which he pointed out how Eton, apparently from the solidity of its traditions, had been and continued less dependent than other public schools upon the celebrity and personal distinctions of its Head Masters.

"Not very long after I left it, in 1827, Eton underwent without doubt a regenerating process. The popular supposition is that it was swept along by a tide of renovation due to the fame and the contagious example of Dr. Arnold at Rugby. But, though Dr. Arnold was a great man, this, in my opinion, is an error; Eton was in a singularly small degree open to influence from other public schools. I have always held that there were three persons to whom Eton was more indebted than any others for the new life poured into her arteries, and that those three were, Dr. Hawtrey, Tutor, Head Master, and Provost; the contemporary Duke of Newcastle, who by a stroke singularly happy founded the

Newcastle Scholarship; and Bishop George Selwyn, the scholar, Christian, and hero, who had Eton graven on the core of his heart, and whose influence during the many years he spent there must have been very great."

All who ever enjoyed Hawtrey's hospitality use the same language as to the charm of his manner and conversation. Archdeacon Denison said: "In 1837-1838, when I was Fellow of Oriel, I was twice examiner for the "Newcastle" with Bishop Lonsdale and the Bishop of Chichester, and both times was I Dr. Hawtrey's guest—both times had all reason to be thankful that I was his guest. They were most happy weeks, and have left an impression upon my memory too pleasant to be effaced in so many years." One who was almost a *certus conviva*, Bishop Abraham, can vouch for his marvellous memory and universal knowledge, having often heard him talk at his own table to such men as Hallam, Dean Milman, and Sir George Cornewall Lewis on their own

subjects. All who knew him agree that he was an admirable entertainer of distinguished strangers.

He never seemed so happy or looked so dignified as when he was leading the stately Duchess of Sutherland to her place at Speeches on the 4th of June, or showing the latest improvements at Eton to such personages as the Prince Consort, the old Duke of Cambridge, father of the present duke, the Earl of Carlisle, or the Earl of Derby.

Dr. Hawtrey's best energies and constant thoughts were centred upon Eton, as was naturally to be expected. But they were not confined to her interests. He followed the movement of the age, that stirring time, so different as it seems when we look back upon it from the present, yet so pregnant with much that has since come to birth and maturity.

> The Spirit of the years to come
> Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A few such occasions when he was

brought into contact with the outer world may not be wholly without interest.

In 1845 a shameful murder was committed at Salt Hill, near Slough. The Head Master of Eton was the first person to suggest the employment of the electric wires for police purposes, which at once led to the arrest of the murderer Tawell, a Quaker, and his doing so was mentioned with praise in a Review at the time, noticing how the value of the new invention of the telegraph was strikingly brought out by being tested and proved in so dramatic a manner.

When the Ragged Schools were first talked of in 1847, a writer in the "Edinburgh Review" for April of that year, after mentioning that one had been established at Windsor, where might be seen among the teachers a chimney-sweep in his Sunday clothes, and one or two Life-guardsmen in their uniform, went on to say that Dr. Hawtrey had himself set up another there: "What a touching contrast he must feel between the two extremes, as

often as he passes from his Eton boys to his ragged scholars!"

Canon Carter writes that he remembers his largeness of mind about doctrine when the Tractarian struggle began, and adds that by his kindness he helped on the female reformatories and other good institutions at Clewer, and that the first General Meeting as to the way of establishing them was held at the Provost's Lodge under his Presidency. He also warmly promoted Bishop Selwyn's New Zealand enterprise. In Tucker's Life of the Bishop, a long letter to Hawtrey is given from Bishop Abraham on September 16th, 1850, about six weeks after his arrival as Bishop of Wellington. He writes with gratitude for "all your kind interest in us," and speaks of a handsome present of books which he had sent out to the colony.

The Crystal Palace of 1851 had a great fascination for him. It formed the subject of the Latin Essay Prize that year. I recollect having gone up on a holiday to see it, a short time after it had been

opened;—how I fell in with some other Eton boys, also up in town on leave for the day, near Osler's grand fountain, in the centre of that fairy structure, and how we happened to meet the Head Master, who spoke kindly to us, and showed and explained to us some of the objects of interest which might otherwise have escaped our attention.

But it was with London literary life and its cultured society that Dr. Hawtrey was most *en rapport.* He was one of the earlier members of the Athenæum. It is generally believed that the scanty underground space allotted to its smoking-rooms, as compared with that enjoyed by similar institutions of later date, was owing to his influence, for he was in the habit of maintaining that "no gentleman smoked," a statement which would be heard with amazement if propounded at the present day. From time to time he printed for private circulation some very elegant translations, which will be noticed more particularly in another chapter, and con-

tributed some publications to the Philobiblon Society and the Roxburghe Club. In town he would specially delight in the society of such men as the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, son of George Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at whose house he was a frequent guest. How he must have revelled in his library of 20,000 volumes, valued at £42,000, which was bequeathed to the British Museum! In the Large Room may be seen a singular little document, in the shape of a Bill of Eton College and School in 1745, 4to, printed by E. P. Williams at Eton in 1842. Among the curiosities of this tiny volume it may be noted that at that time it was customary to print all the Collegers first by themselves, and to place the noblemen in the Upper School at the head of their respective Removes. The last Division, in which the youngest boys learnt to read, was called the Bible Seat. The total number of boys was at that date 170. Some of the names are spelt in a very *bizarre* fashion, *e.g.*, Mr. Plumbtree,

Goleborne (for Goulburn), and St. Shaw (query for Shaw Stewart?), Barckley, and Fletcherd.

The following letter accompanied this gift:

"*February 2nd*, 1843.

"My dear Sir,

"A very early List of Eton School lately fell into my hands, which I have had printed by the Eton bookseller. As it is rather curious in itself, and a very respectable specimen of our typography, I venture to accept your acceptance of it. I have inclosed with it a Catalogue of the Eton School Library, which commenced about twenty years since, and has gradually increased to a very respectable size. I have lately transferred to it what remained intire (*sic*) of the original library. I found them in my Chambers, to which they had been consigned by Dr. Keate for safety. They had long since served rather for the amusement than instruction of the least literary portion of the school. I am quite sure that your kindly recollection of Eton

will excuse the liberty which I am taking in sending so large an inclosure.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Your most obliged and
"faithful Servant,
"EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY."

It is recorded of this Thomas Grenville, that in the rebellion in 1768, when there was a secession to Maidenhead, before which the school-books were thrown away over Windsor Bridge, he formed the solitary exception, and refused to part with his Homer.

Whilst he thus favourably impressed the upper ten thousand and honoured romantically the aristocracy, specially in Eton families, Hawtrey is much to be admired for maintaining at the same time his professional spirit. For it was this element of aristocratic obstructiveness that he had now to meet in carrying out the last and most important of his reforms in the abolition of Montem. And he withstood it with remarkable firmness.

I do not purpose dwelling at any length on this critical stage in his career. The origin—the picturesque associations—the abuses of Montem, together with the evil results that in most cases accrued to the Captain of Montem, have been detailed again and again. Mr. Lyte devotes a whole chapter to the subject, treating it exhaustively, and showing what complete concurrence there was between Provost Hodgson and Dr. Hawtrey, in their resistance to pressure from without. Perhaps he does not quite do full justice to Hawtrey's courageous defiance of the old Etonians—men of rank and fashion, such as the Duke of Rutland—who were expected to show active opposition on its final abolition, June 6th, 1847. He went to town and insured a police force to keep order on the critical day, which passed off quietly.

His munificence also came out on this occasion. When it was settled that there should be no Montem, it was impossible to foresee exactly who the Captain would be on the day. Nevertheless, Hawtrey treated the

contingency as a claim, and out of his own purse paid to the father or guardian of the boy who was deprived by the reform of an anticipated source of income, the sum of three hundred pounds.

The Montemites were no doubt aggrieved, and the enforcement about the same time of a rule as to "turning down" of boys after being thrice complained of to the Head Master by their Form Master, contributed to the lowering of the numbers. Soon after Montem was done away with, Hawtrey, in an after-dinner speech, noticed this fall in a dignified manner, and he surmounted it victoriously. The evils of the old custom were so glaring and their increase so certain, that the change was hailed by all well-wishers of the School.

Having thus made a survey of the principal reforms introduced by Dr. Hawtrey, I will show in what light they appeared to two judges of them, writing about thirty years after they were carried out. And bearing in mind the golden rule which he would have wished to be observed,

"Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate," I will first adduce a passage from the "Edinburgh Review" of October, 1877. The writer is by no means prepossessed in favour of the School. Dealing with its history previous to the Parliamentary Commission of 1868, he criticizes severely its shortcomings; and does not spare the foibles or faults of the subject of this Memoir. His testimony, therefore, to the good he did, is all the more valuable. "Of Hawtrey's merits," he says, "it is more difficult to speak, for while few men ever reformed the practical system of a great school more thoroughly, more wisely, or more successfully, while few ever showed more firmness or sagacity than he in designing and effecting his objects, while scarce any one was ever more munificent, sometimes even to profusion, yet there were certain defects." Among them he specifies want of exact scholarship, a certain foppery in habits, and want of manliness, which somewhat impaired his influence.

With regard to these, the first may be

explained by the estimate of Hawtrey as a scholar and of the results of his work in training scholars, stated below, as well as by the opinion of Mr. Green, given in the next chapter.

As to the second charge, of foppery, "an innocent smartness," as Mr. Gladstone says, it was part of the innate ceremoniousness of his character. It seems to have been an old weakness, for one who remembers being in his Division in those early days, before he was Head Master, speaks of his then wearing an expansive (and expensive) double-breasted waistcoat, with a massive gold watch-chain displayed conspicuously upon it. But some who noticed these peculiarities failed, perhaps, to give him credit for the warm heart that beat beneath that waistcoat. Lastly, in answer to the imputation of want of manliness, it is difficult to reconcile it with the attitude of boldness with which he met, as we have seen, the sturdy opposition of the Montemites. It required no small amount of moral courage to face the displeasure of the classes out of

which the Eton Oppidans were largely recruited. The Reviewer ends, by admitting "the unequalled services that Hawtrey rendered to the school. Almost all the modern reforms there have been effected according to the lines which he laid down . . . His whole influence was excellent. By his large and liberal mind he kept Eton from falling manifestly behind the age in her educational standard. He breathed a new spirit into her system."

Another objection that perhaps should not pass unnoticed, was that Hawtrey made too few changes in what was taught; no classical author, excepting Horace, was read in his integrity. But the answer to this is twofold, (1) the range of authors was purposely limited: you cannot teach thoroughly if you attempt to teach too much: (2) the whole of what was taught was by no means confined to the School Work. No one conversant with the Eton system would ignore the amount read with the Tutor in private business.

In the next place I will quote some of

the admirable language used by the late Mr. Cory—better known as William Johnson—the contributor to Mr. Lyte's chapter which deals with this period. In well-weighed and impartial sentences he thus summarizes the methods of school government adopted by the Head Master, together with the salient features of his character.

"Meanwhile, in spite of his own precarious tenure of Attic Scholarship, and the disloyalty of many of his colleagues to the old Eton traditions, year after year Hawtrey's beloved young men went to the Universities better read and better trained than their predecessors, even if not so well read or so well trained as many representatives of less fashionable schools. . . . .

"Hawtrey may be said to have done by encouraging, what Keate tried to do by threatening. If there is any truth in that melancholy caricature by which Keate is known to most men, if his battle-cry really was 'I'll flog you,' it is no less true, though it is by no means well known, that Hawtrey's characteristic utterance was, 'Very well

done, very good exercise,' said with a gracious emphasis which never lost its charm. . . . .

"When he was at the height of prosperity, he said publicly—'Living here, I cannot feel the sadness of growing old, for this place supplies me with an unfailing succession of young friends.'—Other men have been even more kind, more charitable, more tender; but he had a poetical enthusiasm which burnt through vanities and feeblenesses, and fell in light and warmth on shy boys, on proud and ungainly lads, on homely and ordinary teachers, not less than on brilliant and noble students. . . . .

"Besides this universal generosity bearing on all varieties of character, Dr. Hawtrey displayed a special liberality in dealing with that which of all things most shapes the character, religion. He was not a theologian, though he could deliver short sermons that were at once orthodox and eloquent. He could no more fathom the controversies of the age in which men were swayed by Newman or by Arnold than

he could take the measure of the new philosophies growing up by the side of the new theologies. Had he been suspicious, narrow-minded, or cold-hearted, he would certainly have quarrelled with three or four of his best Assistants in the first ten years of his government. As it was, he became the faithful friend and moderate supporter of several Anglo-Catholic colleagues. . . .

"He obeyed his good heart; he knew by a heavenly instinct when he had a truly good man at his side; he was sagacious enough to perceive that certain tastes might lead to Rome, but he was not to be scared by such a danger; he stuck to his friend, he backed up his colleague, because he knew and cherished goodness.

"Such was the man; not an accurate scholar, though versed in many tongues; not thoroughly well-informed, though he had spent thirty thousand pounds on books; not able to estimate correctly the intellectual development of younger men, though he corresponded with the leaders of England and France; not qualified to train school-

boys in competition with a Vaughan or a Kennedy possessing the advanced knowledge of a later generation, for he had never even been a University man, only a Kingsman; not one that could be said to organize well, for from first to last he dealt in makeshift and patchwork; yet for all that, a hero among schoolmasters, for he was beyond his fellows candid, fearless, and bountiful; passionate in his indignation against cruelty, ardent in admiring all virtue and all show of genius; so forgiving, that for fifty years he seized every chance of doing kindness to a man who had tormented him at school; and so ingenuous, that when he had misunderstood a boy's character, and then found himself wrong, he suddenly grasped his hand, and owned his error magnanimously. Many men have laughed at his rhetoric, and made themselves a reputation for wit by telling stories of his behaviour. Such men have probably never read the second part of "Don Quixote." The knight was, after all, a true gentleman of fine mind, and his death was pathetic.

Our Head Master was worthy of a high-souled poetical nation in its best age; and old men who had been his compeers in society, wept at his funeral with younger men who had been only his humble yoke-fellows."

In the spring of 1850 the Head Master received from Sir Stephen Glynne, the brother-in-law of Mr. Gladstone, the following letter, which must have gratified him much, from the assurance it gave that his devotion to the best interests of the School, and the good work accomplished in so many different directions, was recognized by the outside world.

"*Hawarden, May* 29, 1850.

"My dear Dr. Hawtrey,

"I have great pleasure in announcing to you that some of your old pupils, whose names I enclose, have contributed towards the erection of a canopy in the Choir of Eton College Chapel, in token of the feelings of affection and gratitude which they entertain towards you, as well as to mark

their sense of the admirable manner in which you fill the distinguished position of Head Master.

"It is fair to say that the suggestion of erecting a canopy originated with the Rev. Charles Luxmoore, but we have been truly glad to avail ourselves of what appeared to be so good an opportunity of doing you honour; and it is hoped that this small tribute of regard will not be unacceptable from some who look back with much pleasure to former days, and scenes intimately associated with you.

"Believe me, my dear Dr. Hawtrey,

"Very sincerely yours,

"STEPHEN R. GLYNNE."

On Oct. 20th of the same year the Provostship of King's College became vacant by the death of Dr. Thackeray. A few days later Principal Le Bas writes thus to Provost Hodgson:

"It has been understood, I believe, that Dr. Hawtrey is desirous of the appointment; and if so, of course all his friends

must fervently wish for his success. And yet, if he *does* succeed, where can another Hawtrey be found for Eton?" A short time after, in another letter to Hodgson, he speaks of "the complication of circumstances which have disabled your admirable *Magister Informator* from accepting the position, so frankly and honourably tendered to him. The large heart, the open hand, the princely taste for literary treasure—these have been his faults—if faults they can be deemed. I can regard them only as the excesses of a noble spirit. Only if there be such a bump in craniology as the bump of calculation, one can hardly help wishing that such a bump had been somewhat more amply developed in his phrenology! The disappointment, I dare say, will not break his manly spirit. But the continued anxiety and toil! How many years longer will the physical man be able to bear up against that incessant demand?"

Apparently some domestic or pecuniary difficulties, caused probably by his unmethodical way of living, his neglect in

looking into his affairs, decided him against accepting the post.

Many years before, in a paper written to Lord Melbourne he told him that he was *ex officio* a claimant for a Windsor Canonry, as Keate had held one. The claim was acknowledged by Melbourne, but he resigned office in 1841, and left it as a claim.

It would have been good for him, perhaps, could he have retired in 1850, when Dr. Okes went to the Lodge at King's, although Cambridge never had any such place in Hawtrey's heart as Eton always held.[1] For the last part of my time

[1] With University matters Hawtrey does not seem ever to have kept up much connection. Unless it were from an interest in some Election, in which his friends Lord Powis or Lord Lyttelton were concerned, he seldom visited Cambridge. It was on the occasion of his going up to take his D.D. degree in 1834, that he was proctorized in the dusk by mistake, when he indignantly replied to the usual inquiry as to name and College, "I am the Reverend Edward Craven Hawtrey, Head Master of Eton College, and a Master of Arts before you were born!"

in the Sixth Form the work had become monotonous; there was far too little variety and advance in the subjects read. The favourite passage on Iphigenia was quoted too frequently, and the bell had to be rung for Finmore, to bring him his Lucretius,—that bell, the ringing of which by other hands than his, and in a mysterious manner, was frequently the cause of mischief and merriment. The springs of energy were becoming relaxed, as was natural after nearly forty years of schoolmastering, and he evidently wanted rest. He had never been in the habit of taking much active exercise; and he was troubled and tormented at times with the stone, from which he had long been a sufferer.

But two years more of work remained before he was to be released from his responsibilities.

CHAPTER IV.

Reminiscences and Anecdotes.

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live."
WORDSWORTH.

No one could surpass Hawtrey in generosity. He had, as was said of the late Canon Pearson, a genius for kindness. This prompted him to many secret acts of charity to indigent persons. It showed itself also particularly in the matter of giving books. It was with him part of an intense and settled purpose, to rouse and foster a passion for literature. His gifts to the Boys' Library were constant and munificent. Often they consisted of works upon subjects only just dawning on the horizon of the newer scholarship, and were thus a proof that he was anxious to keep abreast of the age, and to recognize various

branches of study as important, though they could not actually be included in the school curriculum. And in the presentation of prizes he was equally liberal. Some of my most treasured books came from him. They were always exquisitely bound, a point in which he was extremely particular. I purchased at Eton, in 1858, Smith's "Dictionary of Geography," which had been returned by him, as not quite satisfying his fastidious taste. Yet to the ordinary eye, the two volumes are handsome specimens of red morocco. His personal acts of kindness to myself were many. I will only mention the following. In the spring of 1851, just before the Newcastle Scholarship was coming on, I had almost recovered from a puerile complaint, but not sufficiently so to go out and mix with my schoolfellows. In order that I might not lose my chance, the Head Master most kindly offered to take me into his house, where I was allowed to do the papers. I lived in a small apartment at the top of the house, which probably had been a boy's room

when Hawtrey used to take boarders, and he and my tutor now and then came to see me there. In the following year, when I left the school as captain, the Head Master presented me with a Postmastership at Merton College, Oxford, adding to it a small Exhibition of twenty pounds a year for four years. Soon after I had gone into residence, I received a letter from the Head Master regretting that there had been a mistake about this Exhibition, which was not vacant. But he enclosed from himself a cheque for fifty pounds, which was more than half the value of what I should have received. I have been told that he on one occasion defrayed the cost of a so-called Travelling Scholarship, to enable a young man to study French abroad. These are only a few out of numerous instances of his princely liberality.

Besides this thorough generosity of character, there was a vein of humour in him, of which many instances might be given. When the late William Rogers of Bishopsgate was in his Division (a jovial, easy-going,

good humoured youth, we can imagine him at that time) just before he was going to leave the school Hawtrey put him on to construe the Horace lesson at

> Lusisti satis—edisti satis atque bibisti,
> Tempus abire tibi est.—*Ep.* II. ii. 214.

Once, when two lads were "having a mill" and were taken *in flagrante delicto* close in front of his Chambers, they received the following admonition, given with a very unsuccessful attempt at gravity, "Well, boys will quarrel, and I suppose if they do, they had better fight; but you need not do it just by my door!"

From his innate courteousness, he often shewed an evident wish, rather to be blind to our peccadilloes than to draw attention to them, or to make us give them up from ourselves seeing their absurdity.

This courteousness, as might be expected, occasionally was taken advantage of, as in the rather well-worn story of the Eton College Hunt, and its distinctive button with the letters E.C.H. "Dr. Hawtrey," to

quote from Mr. Lucas Collins's "Etoniana," "soon noticed these insignia in school, but could not quite make out the legend. Meeting a boy one day in the schoolyard, he literally took him by the button, and asked what the letters were; but when the boy, with some slight natural embarrassment, read out the mystic characters—the Doctor's own initials—further question or comment seemed unnecessary, and it was the master's turn to look embarrassed at what he took for a delicate compliment from his pupils."

Although only allowed, as we have seen, to preach by permission of the Provost and Fellows, there were times when he would address the whole or large portions of the school, and unless it was upon some exceptionally serious matter, we always then looked forward to his saying something amusing, and some of his expressions drew forth "unquenchable laughter."

The earliest instance of these orations that I have heard of, was when he harangued the boys upon the Queen's

Accession, ending most effectively with *Moriamur pro rege nostro Mariâ Theresâ.* One who records this, then a boy of fourteen, says that he fancies he was about the only listener who recognized the Hungarian outburst, and adds that he always felt sure that the utterance, although Quixotic, was thoroughly characteristic and honest.

There was a formula he employed, by way of consoling the owner of the last name on the examination list, when the order was read out,—"Somebody must be last!"—but unfortunately it was the case that the same boy, P——, again and again held the unenviable place, and the result was a general derisive titter. I remember also, in connection with "trials," an instance of a boy's being refused his "remove" by reason of Hawtrey's having detected that he had his verses done for him. "When I read F.'s verses, I thought them very fair, till I came to the last line, but in that there was a word beginning with a letter not in the Latin alphabet—*webem* was the word, for *urbem!*" F. had probably

secured a seat near the draughty old door of the Upper School, beneath which he had passed his paper to some coadjutor outside ready to receive it and pass it back with a set of verses done for him to copy and show up. But this one little slip had betrayed the borrowed plumes under cover of which he had hoped to pass muster.

It should be added, that on graver occasions, as when a Confirmation was approaching, or a death had taken place, or when some moral evil had to be denounced, his language could be singularly impressive, and went home to the conscience by the evident sincerity and solemnity of its tone.

The remainder of this chapter I will devote to several reminiscences of Old Etonians, which range over the last decade of Hawtrey's rule.

Mr. Charles Kegan Paul, whose recollection of Eton goes back four years earlier than my own, writes thus of his being taken by his tutor, the late Provost Goodford, to be entered at the Head Master's House in May, 1841.

"He was in those days the most grotesquely ugly person I have ever seen. As he grew older his features attained a certain massiveness, and he became even picturesque, but in the days of which I speak, no portraits gave the least idea of him, except a few which were meant as caricatures, but were not, since he was more singular than any caricature.

"There was one especially, by Herbert Herries, representing Hawtrey in two aspects, one as he was wont to appear in morning school, unshaven, with torn shirt collar; the other, after breakfast, with his face and garments extremely trim.[1]

"Once, in my tutor's house, the Head Master ceased to be a mere name. A great deal of money had been stolen in

[1] The following reported colloquy is an illustration of the above:

H. Why are you always so late, M?

M. Please, sir, I can't manage to dress quicker.

H. But *I* manage to dress and get into school in time.

M. Oh yes, sir, but then *I* wash.

H. Do you mean to insinuate that I do not wash!

the house, and the thefts had continued for several months. One evening at prayers we were not a little surprised to see Hawtrey kneeling at my tutor's side. When prayers were over, he rose and addressed us in a touching and fatherly manner about what had happened. Nothing could have been in better taste or have produced a better impression; we were all glad to have been brought into closer touch with our Head Master, and recognized for once that he was no mere figure-head.

"Once as I neared my time for leaving, I came into more personal relations with Hawtrey. Some relatives of his own, friends of my family, came to live near Old Windsor, and asked me to dine and sleep on a half, followed by a whole, holiday. On going to Hawtrey for leave, he said that he and his sister were also going to dine, and offered to drive me out. I sat bodkin, and not only then, with him and Miss Hawtrey. He showed quite another side of his character to that

we boys knew, and was the genial man of the world. I remember, however, that among our subjects of conversation was 'Coningsby,' then a new book, and Hawtrey was extremely angry at the little slips in the account of Eton life, which he thought were reflections on the discipline of the school as administered by him. These drives from time to time to his cousin's house were considered extraordinary by my tutor, and by the boys in the house—as indeed they were—for I never knew Hawtrey make a companion either of young or old. His walks were always solitary, both when he was Head Master and Provost."

The Rev. Charles Caldecott James, Rector of Wortham, and late Fellow of King's, writes thus:

"From Hawtrey's extreme kindness to me as a boy, consequent upon his lifelong intimacy with my father,[1] I had the privilege

[1] The Rev. Edward James, son of a former Head Master of Rugby, and Canon of Winchester; a contemporary of Hawtrey at Eton, *circa* 1805.

of seeing very much of him in his own home; and was greatly impressed even then with his thorough mastery of the art of conversation: for he not only had plenty to say, which it was most delightful to hear, upon every subject that might turn up, but he would patiently listen, with an air of extreme interest, to the silliest thing which the smallest boy present might say, on which he would make his remarks in the kindest way; trying always to draw us out rather than to impress us with the vastness of his own knowledge, and giving us a perfect object lesson in good manners, such as many great talkers too often neglect.

"As a schoolmaster he often made one mistake, viz., to announce beforehand the penalty he would assign to a prospective transgression. This, of course, often had the effect of daring young people to commit it, and sometimes led to results of which he was afterwards sorry."

An instance of this error in judgment has been given above (p. 101).

Sir George Young, who was in the Sixth

Form after Hawtrey had become Provost, says:

"He was very kind to me, and I remember his breakfasts at the Lodge, the sausages and the talk, with as much pleasure as anything in my Eton life. How he used to revel in literary talk! I remember his criticisms of Coleridge's 'Wallenstein.' 'The absurd mistranslation of *jagdzug* as a "hunting-dress," when, as we must all be aware (!), it really means a hunting-*stud*, or set of horses.' He used to praise Portuguese, and recommended us to learn it as the nearest representative of ancient Latin; 'much nearer to Italian than to Spanish; indeed, if you know Italian and Spanish you know Portuguese.' I managed to please him greatly by twice choosing a speech from 'Wallenstein' to speak in Upper School

"I remember, too, on the one occasion that I was sent up 'for play' for a copy of 'Glyconics,' that he detected a fault in the metre which had escaped both Goodford, good scholar as he was, and Joynes, viz.,

the use of an initial spondee in other lines of the stanza besides the *third*, to which he showed Catullus confines it.

"I remember his fetching down a volume of Latin Inscriptions in order to read and praise an epitaph—

* * * * * * *

Nomen parentes nominarunt Claudiam, etc.
Domum servavit: lanam fecit. Dixi: abi,

at the same time showing us the difference between the genuine simplicity of republican times, and this literary imitation of it: and cautioning us against supposing that the first line quoted above could possibly represent the naming-customs of the best ages of Rome, though, even if it were only a relic of imperialist revivalism, it was worthy of admiration."

Mr. Oscar Browning, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, draws attention to a feature in Hawtrey's Head Mastership which has, perhaps, not been sufficiently observed. He says:

"I have long wished that a life of

Hawtrey could be written. He lived in an age when Education was making great progress in England; the age of Arnold, Newman, and Edward Coleridge. His line was not clerical, and therefore he has received but little notice from those who have written the Ecclesiastical History of that epoch. He represented a different side, the education of the scholar-statesman, and that he carried out with great success. He was a head and shoulders above every one else at Eton, and was therefore always misunderstood. . . . As a Head Master I have always thought that he appreciated the real function of Eton, the education of Statesmen, better than anyone else. Lord Coleridge and Goldwin Smith have always appeared to me as his pupils in a special sense. . . . He was the most high-minded man that ever governed Eton."

The last of these reminiscences is a contribution from the Rev. William Charles Green, Rector of Hepworth, and late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. His Eton career began a little before mine,

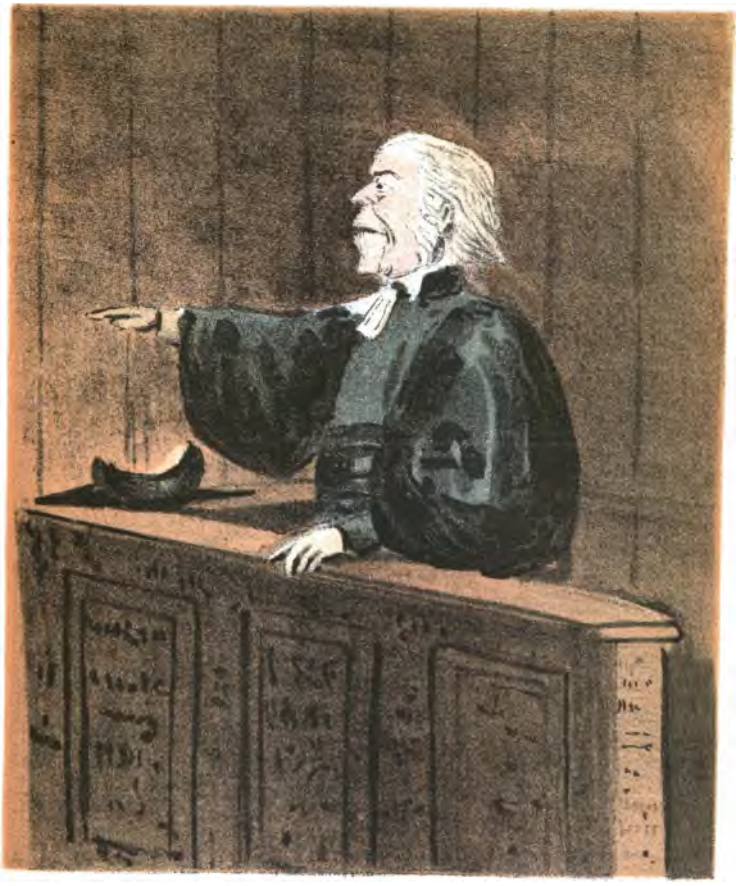
and ended about a year sooner. With his estimate of Hawtrey, I heartily concur, and much of what he states was almost exactly identical with my own experience.

"My recollections of Hawtrey date from 1843. He was Head Master during all my schooldays, which ended in 1851. Entering Eton *in mezzo cammino* of his Head Mastership (1834-1853), I had, as a Fourth Form boy, little to do with the Doctor. He was a name and a visible and well known and dignified presence to us all: but boys so low in the school would only come into personal relations with him by a connecting or correcting rod which I never felt. Later on doubtless I now and then took to him lines or my signature at one o'clock as a penalty of lateness at 'absence;' but I have not to look back upon him as *plagosus Orbilius*.

"On one occasion, however, very early in my schooldays, I was called up to his tribunal in the Upper School and spoken to. It was just before the Christmas holidays. I had spent my first 'Half' at

[illegible] service. With his
[illegible] I humbly entreat
[illegible] he stood was almost
[illegible] with my own experience.
[illegible] of the very date [illegible]
[illegible] Final Master during [illegible]
[illegible] Shrubland Park 1851. Entire-
[illegible] [illegible] of his Head
[illegible] 1853. I find as a Fourth
[illegible] to do with the Doctor.
[illegible] a name and a visible and well
[illegible] significant presence to us all
[illegible] how in the act of worship only
[illegible] personal relation with him by
[illegible] ing or preaching which I
never felt. I have no doubtless I saw
and [illegible] which [illegible] or my signature
[illegible] [illegible] of a paucity of likeness at
[illegible] but I have not to look back
[illegible] as perhaps [illegible].

[illegible] occasion, however very early
[illegible], I was called up to his
[illegible] upper School and spoken
[illegible] first before the Christmas
[illegible] had spent my first "Half" at



"Shut that door!"

Eton as 'Unplaced' in the third or lower division of the Fourth Form. Then 'Trials' proved me fit for the Upper Fourth, and I was bidden at once to go on with the papers for entering the next higher form, the Remove. While busy writing at these, I was called up to Hawtrey's desk and kindly told that I was too young (being just eleven) to rise into Remove, and must, therefore, remain in Upper Fourth till the June Trials.

"After that, for a year or so, I must have seen Hawtrey in Upper School when we were all there for Speeches, or to be addressed on other occasions: but I probably heard little of what he said, save his 'Shut that door' when we were all inside.

"As I rose in the school, from time to time I was called up to Hawtrey's side at this same Upper School desk while he read out my 'sent-up' exercise. The first such time was for verses thus honoured by dear old Durnford (younger brother of the Bishop of Chichester, who has but just

passed away). I remember well the subject of these verses, Ἀκιδος ἱερὸν ὕδωρ, or Acis and Galatea: nay, I remember my own opening hexameter, and the pentameter following, substituted by my tutor W. A. Carter for a lame one of my own which I have forgotten. Hawtrey was seen and heard to advantage on these occasions: he rolled out our boyish productions most effectively, as each of us stood on the step beside him. He showed a never-failing interest in them, and, I believe, felt it: now and then, not too often, he would turn and make a confidential remark to the young author, and at the end he pronounced with a never-abated freshness, and with his usual lisp, 'Very well, very good exercise (ectherthithe).'

"In 1845 I remember Hawtrey's speaking of me, when he was reading out the list of those who had just passed Trials into Fifth Form. I had from serious illness been absent from school half a year or more: and having missed the greater part of the work on which we were examined,

came out very low on the list. The Doctor was careful to say publicly that I should have been much higher but for this misfortune.

"It was the custom that after each triad of sent-up copies, the Head Master presented the composer with a book. I have on my shelves several books so given, with the printed form and the signature 'E. C. Hawtrey.' They are various in kind: among them are 'History of Insects,' 'Popular Astronomy,' by Herschel, 'Coleridge's Poems,' 'Joyous History of the Chevalier Bayard.' Hawtrey had some appropriate words to say with each gift: when giving the first-named book to myself, I doubt not he had ascertained the taste of my brother and myself for entomology.

"To convey an idea of Hawtrey's appearance, manner, voice—what he was to see, what to hear—is difficult, nay impossible, in writing for those who never saw him; for Etonians who knew him it is unnecessary. I used to hear from my mother, that Hawtrey had been pronounced by some royal

personage, to be 'the ugliest man in England and the most agreeable.' For his face, it certainly was what is euphemistically termed 'plain.' And yet 'plain' might mislead, for it was a remarkable face. It was a face easily caricatured, especially in profile. There were probably hundreds of Eton boys with no pretensions to drawing powers who could draw a profile of Hawtrey which Etonians would recognize: the lines were unmistakeable. But there was in the face force and expression. And in Hawtrey's whole stature and bearing there was great dignity. He was tall—at least, rather so, I do not know how tall. And certainly, size is not a *sine qua non* to command respect, for it is well known that Dr. Keate was a very small man. Perhaps public schoolboys generally remember their own head master as dignity personified. Certainly I can recall no more dignified presence than that of Hawtrey in cassock, gown, and bands: without which to us he was never visible. I image him as he stood on the steps of the Chapel Four-wall calling ab-

sence, or passing from his house door in Weston's Yard to Chambers.

"For his voice, this too, like his face, could easily be imitated, owing partly to his habitual lisp, that is, it could be copied so as to be recognized, though in a conventional way. You knew what was meant for Hawtrey speaking, just as you know what is meant for beard, hair, or mane in Nineveh sculptures. And many boys did imitate him, and repeated stories about his sayings (real or invented) in a Hawtrey voice. But I do not think that any real contempt or low estimate of the man is proved, or was meant by these imitations and stories, one or two of which I may presently more specially give. Hawtrey was *imitabilis;* but one's mature judgment would not call his peculiarities *vitia*.

"To pass on to Hawtrey's teaching. This was of his own Division: some twenty Sixth Form, and the twelve next: the six Collegers below the Sixth were called 'Liberty.' In due course I rose to this

dignity, and was for some considerable time in the Head Master's Division.

"What was Hawtrey as a scholar, what as a teacher?

"Now in forming an estimate of this, one cannot help writing what one thinks now after many years, not what one thought as a boy when at school. And this is just as well. For some things are seen more completely from a distance, when looked at after further experience and comparison. It is rather a fashion nowadays to value very highly a schoolboy's idea of his school life and schoolmasters. Of course, there is a freshness in such sketches, a reality of a kind; also a sort of usefulness, for it is well that now and then teachers should see themselves as pupils see them. Yet with the freshness there is often foolishness: the schoolboy's view is necessarily crude and narrow; he may record facts and his own feelings, but the bearing of them and the motives and wisdom of his elders, he will continually mistake. My opinion, therefore, on Hawtrey's scholar-

ship and teaching, is my present opinion, grounded on facts and boyish experience while I was under him, but matured, and I daresay in some things modified, by a considerable teaching experience of my own. Not but what at any time my opinion of Hawtrey, in respect of his teaching and influence would have been decidedly favourable.

"What was Hawtrey as a scholar?

"I answer that he was a good scholar, both in Latin and Greek, but best in Latin. Not in minutiæ and exactness equal to some of his younger colleagues, very likely not equal to Dr. Keate or to some of the decade of years or so before him. 'Not an accurate scholar,' says one writer in a most delightful and appreciative sketch of Hawtrey, quoted in 'Lyte's Eton.' Well, it depends on what 'accurate' is to mean. Hawtrey was, I think, careful in all essentials, or what seemed to him essentials. He had not the keen sense of, or love of, details grammatical and philological, which have distinguished some of

his time, or before him, or since: and (as I believe) he purposely, for a mixed class of upper boys, forbore to press some such details, thinking that it was better so. No one could suppose that I would disparage exactness of scholarship; it is to be encouraged by all means in those who have the capacity and taste for it. But all have not these. Hawtrey appears to me to have been an excellent scholar among those of his own time: those some twenty years his juniors had the advantage of philological researches, new to him in middle age, and perhaps not over congenial. He was thoroughly intelligent and appreciative of his Greek or Latin author's whole meaning. And this is a point which may be lost sight of (not that it need be so) by some careful and painful scholars. Let us honour both kinds; the man who has 'given us the doctrine of the enclitic δέ, and properly based οὖν;' yet not slight the more old-fashioned and comprehensive, if verbally looser, scholar.

"I sometimes think that many of our

fathers (or I should say perhaps 'grandfathers,' with reference to the present generation,) kept their scholarship longer and enjoyed it more than some of those whom a Cambridge friend of mine terms 'our young philological lions.'

"But to return to Hawtrey. To Latin and Greek scholarship he added a knowledge of modern languages; he was certainly beyond his fellows in this kind, and probably as well read in such languages and literature as any one of his day.

"What was Hawtrey as a teacher?

"Again I should answer, a good teacher: a good and judicious teacher of that part of the school that sate at his feet. It has been often pointed out how defective some of our Eton books were then, how limited our range of authors. In this matter, Hawtrey made some improvements, perhaps it was not his own fault that he did not make more. But here I need only speak of the manner in which he used the instruments he had.

"Hawtrey's teaching I should call stimu-

lative and suggestive to intelligent and ambitious boys: it was likely to enlarge their views; it gave them glimpses of other languages, other literatures besides those of Rome and Greece. His system with boys (and also with masters, as is shown by the writer quoted in Lyte,) was not the coercive, but the encouraging. Indeed, the whole Eton system was this in a way: though it differed with different form-masters and tutors. If determined to be idle, boys could be so. That some coercion is necessary, especially in the lower forms of a school, no one doubts: but whether it is not overdone in some schools now-a-days, is a question. Boys (not to say masters) are left with no leisure; it appears to be a maxim that (except for bodily exercise) no time is to be left vacant. True it may be that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' Yet character and development may be cramped by excessive slave-driving. However, in an age of steam and culture, the pace is pressed, no corner left untilled for wild flowers and unforced

fruit; the cry is "no idlers!" Nor have schoolmasters any choice in the matter; over them as masters are the parents and people, *who love to have it so.*

"I never cease to bless my luck in that I was born sixty-three years ago, and could enjoy both work and play. Hawtrey's principle (the old Etonian I might term it) was to show a boy the interest and pleasure to be got out of learning, not to get into the boy the most possible before the age of eighteen. And for the upper form of a large public school, containing young plants chiefly of generous and gentle stem, surely the principle was not a bad one. He taught us soundly and carefully the meaning of our authors; he did not press unduly the niceties of grammar and philology, yet of these enough was taught to build upon, as was proved by distinctions won at Oxford and Cambridge, though I grant that of the boys instructed a larger proportion distinguished in pure scholarship might issue from the workshop of Shrewsbury.

"Hawtrey certainly did point us upper

boys to wider interests, illustrating Latin and Greek from other languages and authors. It is not easy to prove this quality in his teaching by example, but I am convinced it was there, and bore fruit. Of course boys were apt to laugh at a curious illustration from the German, and would speak it, mimicking Hawtrey's voice. For instance, when we came in Homer to the scene between Hector and Andromaché, and she is spoken of as δακρυόεν γελάσασα, 'tearfully smiling,' Hawtrey told us that the Germans could express a smile through tears in one forcible compound noun, 'Freudenthränen-blick.' This Teutonic mouthful provoked a grin and smile free from tears in the boyish audience, and was repeated in a Hawtrey voice. Yet was it none the less a sensible illustration.

"Upon the whole, I think that those who wished to learn might learn much in the Library before Hawtrey; if there be who say they learnt little or nothing, are they sure that this was Hawtrey's fault?

"There are several points to consider in a Head Master, besides his instruction of the upper boys. There is his manner with boys, his enforcement of order and discipline; and the impression he makes on the whole school by his character, his plainly shown love of what is true, noble, and good, and hatred of what is false, mean, and evil.

"Now as to Hawtrey's manner, it was always courteous; you felt that he treated you as a gentleman, and expected the same from you. Frank and generous he undoubtedly was. I remember an instance (in a very small matter) to the point. An illustrative quotation from Juvenal was asked for. It was given correctly. Said the Doctor, 'One word in your quotation is wrong, *reddunt*. I forget the word, but it is not *reddunt*.' The lesson proceeded, but after a few minutes Hawtrey turned to the boy who had quoted the line: 'T.,' he said, 'you were right, the word I now remember is *reddunt*. I am not sorry to find you have a better memory than I have.' I do not know what others thought

of this, I have always remembered it as graceful courtesy.

"The discipline of the Sixth Form and Liberty at lessons might certainly have been stricter with advantage, especially in five o'clock school. Some boys would bring in and surreptitiously read novels, sheltered by the edge of the table round which the Sixth sate. And many absurd tricks they were up to. All by one consent would come in with some peculiarity of dress; once it was by adding gills to their white neck-cloths, gills being not commonly worn, but donned (if I remember right) as a token of 'leave.' This was in my elder brother's sixth form days. At the time of Windsor Fair, to which no boys might go except the sixth, who were supposed to go as police, ridiculous toys were brought and quietly placed upon the table, while Hawtrey's eye was turned the other way. He simply bade them be removed. Once a cat so appeared. 'Take away that cat,' when it was seen. Exit cat. On goes the lesson. Up comes a kitten. 'Take away

that kitten.' Anon another. 'Take away that other kitten.' In its place rise cat and kittens. More vehemently, 'Take away cat, kittens, and all!' Some other childish tricks were rebuked with 'Silly boys!'[1] More trenchant measures might have been well adopted, but I suppose

[1] Dr. Kynaston, Professor of Greek at Durham, sends the following variation of the above. After alluding to "the occasional breakfasts under the watchful eyes (and teeth) of Elephantina and Rhinocerina—our irreverent *sobriquet* for the two sisters—to say nothing of Finmore," he adds, "One incident I very vividly remember in the last half of E. C. H.'s Head Mastership. The Sixth Form had brought into school (probably from Windsor Fair) a toy Noah's Ark and contents, which they set up in due procession, from Noah to Grasshopper, across the octagonal (or is it hexagonal?) table under cover of Hawtrey's book, which he held in front of his face. On completion of the procession, there was an irrepressible titter, which made him look up, and seeing what had been done, he only remarked, 'Eugh! Babieth!' He was sharp enough on another occasion, when I, who sat by the door on Liberty Form, was reading the current number of Bleak House, then coming out, 'I know what you are reading; bring me that book afterwardth, and thand up and conthrue your lethon!' After school he set me to translate the evidence of Joe at the Inquest into Comic Iambics."

Hawtrey with Horace thought *ridiculum acri fortius.* Nor (at least in my time) was the lesson seriously interrupted, or Hawtrey's good nature very greatly abused. After all it was better to trust the good feelings of boys too much than not at all.

"And here let me say that this principle of trusting boys, unless proved unworthy of trust, was well known at Eton. It has been too much the fashion to suppose that Dr. Arnold invented it first and wholly, and that it radiated from Rugby alone. All honour be to Arnold: wide, no doubt, was his influence for good; all honour to Rugby, which has been for years a renowned Head-Master-maker. But Etonian masters knew the principle and acted upon it independently of Arnold and Rugby. Hawtrey, I am sure, so acted of his own judgment and generosity.

"The Head Master had, besides the discipline of his own division, to deal with the whole school in some matters of punishment and admonition. Form Masters took most of the weight of discipline in smaller

matters, reporting to the Head Master grave offences. But there were many occasions upon which the School heard the voice of the Doctor, about occurrences that called for public rebuke: and that upon such occasions Hawtrey had just views of what was bad and to be put down, no one I think can deny. In his addresses on such occasions there might be phrases at which boys would laugh: he sometimes began rather grandiloquently, but declined in dignity, nay, sank so suddenly as to provoke laughter: yet were his strictures just and his indignation righteous. It was easy to catch something of his voice and manner, and make an amusing parody of some of his addresses, but even those who did so (I own to have done so myself) respected him all the while.

"There is a well-known story about Hawtrey's address when certain boys had maimed or killed some valuable ducks on a piece of water near Eton. He described rhetorically how on the waters of a London park, passed daily by many hundreds of

rough artizans and labourers, rare birds lived unharmed; whereas from the most aristocratic school in England, boys had been found to act so cruelly to the birds and discourteously to their owner, who allowed Eton boys free access to his grounds. The contrast was just and effective; but at the end the speaker dropped (at least so the story goes) suddenly from the grand to the very plain.[1] And this was taken up by mimics, and one could not but laugh to hear it. Yet I suppose many of those present must have felt ashamed of what had been done, and known that Hawtrey was in the right. Colonel

[1] "In the centre of the vast metropolis is a large piece of ornamental water, upon which birds—exotic birds—of every variety of hue and plumage float about, build their nests, and rear their young in perfect security: *whereas*, in the vicinity of what may, I am convinced, be not inadequately termed the greatest school of the civilized world, two fiends in human shape, *fourth form* boys, it is true, but still *Eton* boys, barbarously pursued and ruthlessly massacred 'TWO DUCKS.'" Here *solutæ sunt risu tabulæ* and history goes no further.

Newcome's last song had no doubt something ridiculous; yet we respect that dear old Quixote none the less.

"Boys used to be asked to breakfast with the Doctor now and then. They got a good breakfast; Hawtrey talked pleasantly to the boys near him all the while; and my belief now is that he showed much versatility in adapting himself to his young guests, and keeping up the ball of conversation.

"Two boys chattered once about the fox-hunting at their home: told a pointless story about a fox having run out of one wood and into another. The Doctor, who I daresay cared little for the points of the modern chase, yet at once found the remark: 'Cunning fellow! he knew what he was about.'

"But as it is written of Balbus or Brutus in the old Latin exercise and the record thereof by Trevelyan, 'Tho' the thankless boys his coffee quaff'd, Historians add that *there were some who laughed.*' At what will boys not laugh? *Facilis cuivis censura cachinni.*

"Each year Hawtrey entertained at dinner the Newcastle Scholar, Medallist and Select. I certainly was twice present at such a feast; but have nothing special to record beyond a general impression that he was a courteous host. When he was afterwards Provost, I dined with him at the Lodge, perhaps more than once; but one occasion I distinctly remember. At the end of dinner some very old liqueur was handed round; I had declined it, when Hawtrey, noticing this, called to me cheerily and cordially from the head of the table, 'Green, you don't know what you are refusing.' Of course I recanted, and took the Provost's recommendation and the liqueur.

"As I, during my times of leisure, was often staying in the Cloisters with my father up to 1860, I frequently saw Hawtrey during his Provostship; and very friendly he was to me and mine. Shortly before my marriage, in 1858, I was at Eton; and he took me into his library and gave me a beautifully bound copy of Tasso's

'Gerusalemme liberata.' While looking out a book he asked me whether I yet read Italian much; on my answering No, he said he should give me an Italian book, that I might be the more moved to do so. He wrote in the Tasso the following:—'*Gulielmo Green hunc librum e bibliothecæ suæ reliquiis veteris cum patre ipsius amicitiæ qualecunque* μνημόσυνον *ipsi quoque bona omnia et fausta nuptiisque felicibus ominatus* D. D. E. C. H. *Coll. Etonens: Præpos:* A.S. CIↃIↃCCCLVIII.'

"Already at this time Hawtrey had sold a great part of his books, which *e reliquiis* records. His 'friendship with my father' dated certainly from 1817, when my father came back from King's to Eton as a Master, Hawtrey having then been Assistant Master for some years.

"They were then colleagues till my father's election to a Fellowship in 1833, the year before Hawtrey became Head Master. While Hawtrey was Head Master, and my father in the Cloisters, there was, owing to the busy life of the Head Master, outside

the retirement of the Cloisters, less intercourse between them. But during the schooldays of my brother and myself (1840—1851), Hawtrey at various times was very kind and friendly. And in 1853, by becoming Provost, he became our near neighbour, under the same roof in one sense, since from the Lodge to any of the Cloister houses you could pass by the Gallery. And thus the friendship was in a way refreshed, and Hawtrey and my father saw much more of each other from 1853 to 1860. One thing I specially remember. In March 1855, while we were at my father's living in Northamptonshire, intelligence came to us of my success in winning the Craven Scholarship at Cambridge. Two, nay, I think three, telegrams came simultaneously to our remote village. One was from Hawtrey couched in these words, 'Your son is Craven Scholar;' another was from Dr. Okes, the Provost of King's, my father's friend, schoolfellow, and fag at Eton.

"Hawtrey used very frequently to come

into my father's house during the last year or so of my father's life when he was in very bad health, and showed much kindness and sympathy. One time, when I and my wife were staying there in the Cloisters, there was some talk about modern languages, and translations from them. The next morning in came the Provost with a little book, which he gave to my wife, inscribed, '*Dall' Autore* E. C. H.' It is entitled '*Scherzi Metrici d'un Inglese. Non publicati, ma presentati a quei pochi amici cui piacque* "meas esse aliquid putare NUGAS."'

"And now in concluding these reminiscences of Hawtrey, let me say how heartily I agree with the writer quoted in Lyte as to his 'generosity,' his 'good heart,' his 'liberality in religion.' He is in those pages rightly spoken of as in some ways like Don Quixote, 'a true gentleman of fine mind.' In several points of his character, one is reminded of Colonel Newcome in Thackeray's pages. Who does not remember the scene where Thomas Newcome says 'Adsum' when his name was called?

We at Eton used to answer, Hawtrey used to answer, and it was often answered to him, 'Here, Sir.'

"Surely after an unselfish life, he may have answered the summons to the Great Master with a hope of a gracious 'Very Well.'

"W. C. G."

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION TO PROVOSTSHIP—HAWTREY'S FRIENDS—HIS LIBRARY—LITERARY REMAINS—DISLIKE OF FURTHER REFORM FROM OUTSIDE—THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE—FOUNDER'S DAY, 1861—DEATH, JAN. 27TH, 1862.

1853-1862.

"He sleeps amidst the haunts he loved the best."
MOULTRIE.

As early as the year 1840, on the death of Provost Goodall, the College had sounded Dr. Hawtrey as to whether he were disposed to succeed him. But it was extremely unlikely that the Head Master should wish to retire at that early date. On December 29th, 1852, Hawtrey lost his friend Hodgson, in concert with whom he had carried out so many improvements at

Eton, improvements very considerable in their time, but too often forgotten in the rapid movement and varied demands of the *fin de siècle* education. The monumental tablet set up to Hodgson in the College Chapel bears a Latin inscription written by Hawtrey.

Early in the following year Dr. Hawtrey was elected Provost, and moved into the Lodge. The change from the low-vaulted rooms of the old house in Weston's Yard, where so large a portion of his life had been spent, must have been a welcome one. There is a wonderful old-world charm about that suite of spacious chambers looking down on the cloisters on the one side, and on the School-yard on the other, and their historic associations: the College Library; the Election Hall, with its old shuffle-board and curious picture of Venice that used to hang there, brought thence by Sir Henry Wotton; the Election Chamber adjoining it, under Provost Lupton's Tower, its walls, as well as those of the staircase and dwelling-rooms of the Lodge, decorated

with portraits of generations of Etonians by famous artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Opie, and others—many of them recalling the features and figures of those who had been educated under Hawtrey, either as Assistant or Head Master.

The rest and quiet must have been very grateful. The position of the Provost of Eton is one of the most delightful in England; but the diminution of income (the new post being worth only one third of the former one) to one who had never looked rigidly into the state of his affairs, must have been disturbing. It is to be feared that his servants had been allowed far too great liberty. Profuse expenditure had reigned unchecked in his household: and owing to the excessive kindliness and over-indulgence of their master, Dryden's line was probably too true of him and of them:

"He had his jest, and they had his estate."

Finmore and "Faithful James" are sufficiently well-known characters to Eton men whose memories go back fifty years,

and to those who never saw them it is scarcely possible to describe them adequately.

In his general style of living, and above all, in his liberality, Hawtrey was magnificent; exemplifying the character of the μεγαλοπρεπής in Aristotle's "Ethics." The opening sentence of Bacon's essay "On Expense" he might have taken as his motto, "Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions." The sequel, with its sensible advice, he would seem never to have laid to heart sufficiently.

We used to watch his capacious chariot in Weston's Yard, with the postillion and "Faithful James" on the box, in elegant drab and blue livery, going to meet distinguished visitors. Another source of expenditure was his fine collection of pictures. Dr. Goodford once asked him how he had acquired them: Hawtrey said "You must pay for your experience." Goodford asked "How much has your experience cost you?" Hawtrey answered "£2,000."

It was thus that, on his election to the Provostship, in order to enable him to furnish the Lodge artistically, he was obliged to part, at a serious loss, with the larger portion of his books. It is much to be regretted that these books, now widely scattered, were not purchased by the College and added to the College Library. He retained, however, what was still a highly valuable and varied library, of which I will shortly speak more in detail.

The remaining nine years of his life were spent at Eton: we hear of a few visits to Brighton, and Paris, and to Eccleshall and Farnham Castle;[1] but he did not move much from home, with the exception of occasional residence at Mapledurham. He became vicar of this parish in 1854, on the death of Lord Augustus Fitzclarence, when the patronage of the living, which had fallen to the Crown, on Sumner's being made Bishop of Chester reverted to Eton College He had previously held the Rectory of Ewhurst, a King's College living in Sussex, having

[1] *See* Appendix No. XX.

gone there in 1835. It was an error on his part, no doubt, to combine the care of a parish with his Head Mastership and Provostship, but it was hardly deemed such in those days. The wants of the place were amply provided for in both cases, and there is reason to think that the proceeds of the second living that he held were scarcely touched by him.

His connection with Ewhurst had been marked by a happy intimacy that he formed with his neighbour, Sir John Herschel, in whose "Popular Lectures on Science" there is a record of a conversation he held with Dr. Hawtrey on the subject of the numerous languages that derived their word for "Light" from the same root. Among others with whom he maintained a highly intellectual friendship were the Austins, John and his wife Sarah, one of the Norwich Taylors, and the translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes." Mr. Austin used to stay with him on great occasions, and in "Three Generations of English Women," there are reminiscences

of Dr. Hawtrey, and much correspondence passed between him and that family. It was at Hawtrey's suggestion that Mrs. Austin undertook to make a translation of Dr. Heinrich Hase's work on "Grecian Antiquities," the proofs of which all passed through Dr. Hawtrey's hands.

The following extract from a letter relates to this translation, as well as to the Rectory of Ewhurst mentioned above.

"Eton College,
"May 26th, 1835.

"The only thing in the book which I am out of conceit with is my translation of 'The Swallow.' I do not say this to draw you into giving it praise, which it does not merit, but merely because it seems to me to be put forward in too naked a way, where its presence is not excused by the insertion of any other translations. It is too late to leave it out, without cancelling a sheet. . . .

"I am just now going to Cambridge to endeavour to persuade my College to give me a living, to which I have all the claim which seniority, and the established customs

of giving those which fall vacant to the next in rotation can give. But it seems that twenty years' hard work at Eton, instead of the same number of years doing nothing in college, is considered an objection.

"The narrow-mindedness of College idlers, perhaps exceeds that of any other class of men existing."

One other passage in Mrs. Austin's correspondence may here be given. It occurs in a letter to the Duchess of Orleans, who had consulted Mrs. Austin about the education of her two sons.

"The day after I had the honour to visit your Royal Highness, I saw my old and valued friend Dr. Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton. I told him that I had ventured to recommend the Comte de Paris to see the annual festival on the 4th of June, at Eton." After expressing Hawtrey's wish to see them, she goes on: "I shall even have the temerity to advise them to accept the invitation. "It is almost ridiculous to add that I shall be staying in his house. Yet you

may like to know that one who watched every movement regarding your sons with an interest caught, Madam, from yourself, will be there. Dr. Hawtrey is a very learned and accomplished man, and in the best sense of the word, a gentleman."

Hawtrey entertained most hospitably at the Lodge, and among his guests were Dean Milman, Archbishop Whately, Baron Alderson, Principal le Bas, Nassau Senior, and Sir Henry Taylor. His culture and his amiable qualities endeared him to many of the most eminent persons in England, statesmen, men of letters, scholars, and divines. Without having anything in him of the tuft-hunter or studied courtier, he kept a remarkable place in the literary aristocracy of London.[1] On February 6th,

[1] The following passage in a letter (1838) illustrates his idea of what genuine conversation should be: "I have become acquainted with Hayward, the translator of 'Faust,' a most accomplished and agreeable person. I dined with him on the 17th, with H. Coleridge, Serjt. Talfourd, Prof. Bernays of the King's College, and G. Lewis, my old pupil; and I do not recollect having passed a more agreeable evening. Four hours

1855, he was elected a member of "The Club," the Literary club founded by Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was a constant visitor at the houses of Sir Robert Peel, the Miss Berrys,[1] Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and the Dean of St. Paul's.

Those invited to the Election dinners were by no means exclusively Etonians. I remember Motley, Jowett, and Stanley all being present on one occasion. He was just as much at home at Paris, being intimate with Guizot, and M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, the veteran politician and translator of Aristotle, who died quite recently, in his ninety-first year, on November 24th, 1895.

of lively and intellectual conversation, without pretension and without *gêne*, and without the least allusion to local subjects, or, indeed, any matter in which all could not join, were a treat that one does not often meet with."

[1] The two friends of Horace Walpole; Mary, the eldest of them, surviving her sister Agnes, died in 1852, at the age of ninety. Monckton Milnes said of them, "They've been running about Europe since the days of Louis XIV."

No memoir of Dr. Hawtrey would be complete without doing justice to his Library, and giving some details about it. When he became Provost, Dr. Balston, then a Fellow and afterwards himself Head Master, is reported to have said: "It is to be hoped that Hawtrey will now read the books he has talked about all his life." But there are some persons who neither collect books nor read them; as again there are some whose purchases do not go beyond "the books that no gentleman's library is without," but whose reading is yet wide and deep. Such was Dr. Goodford, Hawtrey's successor, who did not let his schoolwork suffer by his private studies, but used to take his way with his book in the early summer mornings to the Sixth Form bench by the river. Dr. Hawtrey had reached an age, no doubt, at which though the habit of reading is easily retained, it is not easily acquired. It may be granted that he was not a profound scholar. To combine great erudition with the labour inseparable from the government

of a large Public School is next to impossible, one of the two must give way. But neither was he a mere *dilettante* and amateur lover of books, and for every volume on his shelves he could give an excellent reason why it was there, and say something in connection with it of real interest and instruction, that was well worth listening to. He encouraged the love of literature, not only by his munificent gifts, but by the very fact of his amassing literary treasures in a princely spirit, and imparting to others the pleasure they bestow.

Mr. Gladstone, whose interest in this subject is well known, and who has done so much good by the organization of his Hawarden Library, writes thus:

"Of Dr. Hawtrey's library I had some, but hardly an intimate or general knowledge. Speaking of the time after 1840, I remember that it had to be accommodated in about twelve rooms of his house. It was a very finished library; in keeping with the character of the owner. I do not recollect an unbound or unkempt book: if

there were any such, they were hidden in closets. I think there were many select and some rare works: but I cannot give minute information.—It is pleasant to me to speak or write about him.—R. I. P."

This was twelve years before the first sale took place; and even at the later sale it would have ranked among the celebrated private libraries in England. He is said to have spent £30,000 on it, or more, from first to last. Its *spécialité*, if any (for it was very wide and comprehensive), lay in rare revisions of the Bible, in choice and scarce illuminated and illustrated volumes, and in foreign philological works, on and in different languages. Comparative philology was only in its infancy in Hawtrey's time, but it was represented by such authors as Bopp and Benfey; and there was a host of Grammars: Arabic, Hindustani, Persian, Caribee, etc., a Basque Catechism printed at Bayonne, and monographs in all the different Italian dialects, Ferrarese, Milanese, Bolognese, the Maltese and Neapolitan, and the *patois* of Rome.

Nothing of linguistic interest escaped his notice; recent issues were there from the continental presses of Dijon, Turin, Florence, Vienna,—a Romaic-English Lexicon, and a collection of Sicilian poems printed respectively at Corfu and Palermo. The classical portion of it ranged from early printed books, Aldines, *e.g.*, "Lascaris Grammatica," Gr. et Lat., 1512, and rare editions such as Turnebus' Æschylus, 1550, down to a complete set of Barbou's "Auctores Classici," 1755, in sixty-eight volumes. Translations of the classics into modern languages seem to have had a special attraction for him.

Magnificent specimens of editions of Italian and Spanish works, *e.g.*, Boccaccio and Cervantes with vignettes, large paper copies with India proofs, and engravings and drawings from the best Masters, and the great galleries of Europe, Dresden, Florence, Vienna, also abounded. Altogether the number, the variety, the quality of the contents of the Library, were astonishing. And when in addition to this it is

BOOK-PLATE OF DR. HAWTREY.

remembered that the greater portion of the volumes were bound in the most expensive style, and profusely ornamented, including specimens from celebrated bookbinders like Padeloup and Derome and Hayday, there is no reason to consider that the estimate of its value given above was an exaggerated one.

A bookseller named White, who died a poor Carthusian Brother, had an order to get a book of many volumes bound. When it came in from the binders, White was horrified to find that it cost seventy pounds. He kept the bill for many months before he could summon up courage to send it in. When it came at last, Dr. Hawtrey paid it without a word.

Duplicates of the best works were on his shelves, but many of these found their way to the Boys' Library, while others were given as presents to his friends.

Many of Hawtrey's books were interleaved, and contain copious manuscript annotations and illustrations, written in a small clear hand. The Greek characters

are beautifully sharp and bold. Introductory notices are given in the case of the rarer volumes, an instance of which occurs in a copy of Bonaventura's version of the Psalter: "Salterio de San Bonaventura esposto in metro Toscano. Roma, 1824." Hawtrey's copy of this book is now in the British Museum, the only one it possesses. Prefixed to it in his writing is a sketch of the Seraphic Doctor's life, giving the origin of his name from St. Francis' exclamation, "O buona ventura!" at whose prayers the child recovered from a dangerous illness, when four years old.

During the years of his Provostship, Dr. Hawtrey's fatherly affection for the boys remained the same as ever. He continued to invite the Sixth Form, and others, to the Lodge, and used to show them his choicest books, and other objects of interest.

He preached in his turn in the College Chapel, and I find it noted in my diary for 1860, that some of his sermons were calculated to do much good by their

sincerity and earnestness. Of his delivery, which to myself seemed very impressive, different opinions were held; one who listened to him constantly, considered that he laid too great stress upon minute points; while another, who happened on one occasion to hear him in Henley Church, writes thus: "He left the impression on me of being about the best reader I had ever heard, his very reading was almost an exegesis."

Besides his own private library, he had, in close proximity to the Lodge, the very interesting College Library, in the treasures of which, particularly the rich and varied collection left by Anthony Morris Storer of Purley Park—in value about equal to his own,—he must have taken a keen delight. Among other donations from Provost Hawtrey on its shelves, are a copy of "Catholick Charitie" (London, 1641), by Francis Rous, the Provost who was Speaker of the "Barebones Parliament,"—a MS. supplement to "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.," in

Lord Orford's handwriting, not published separately, but printed and edited by Dr. Hawtrey for the Philobiblon Society, and a handsome copy of "Gray's Complete Works" (2 vols. 4to), including the Letters and the Memoir by W. Mason, edited by Mathias in 1819. It contains a facsimile of the MS. of the "Elegy," the original being at Pembroke, Cambridge.

It will have been evident, from the above description of his library, as it is indeed through the whole of his career, that Hawtrey was very far indeed from being a pedant, or from understanding true scholarship to denote the narrow and limited amount of knowledge to which the term has too often been confined. An incident illustrating his wider judgment may be here given. Mr. Pye, who had been at Eton under him, writes:

"I used occasionally to meet Dr. Hawtrey at Cuddesdon, and while walking with him, I once said, 'I have no doubt you would flog me, if you could, for what I am going to say, but the truth is I have

forgotten my classics, and I prefer the writings of some of the Fathers, *e.g.*, St. Augustine.' Dr. Hawtrey replied, that he had nothing to find fault with in such a statement, and provided the language of later times was looked upon as *a different language*, he could afford to admire it, and that persons who spoke of it as *dog latin*, only betrayed their own ignorance. This caused me to admire still more his candour and grasp of mind." He would have agreed with Lilly's remark, that the Latin of the lower Empire is a new language required by the new faith, and can be no more judged of by the standards of the Augustan age, than Westminster Abbey by the rules of Vitruvius.

His own literary taste was formed on excellent models, which he always kept in view. His contributions to literature were small, but they are choice, and characteristic of the man. A complete bibliographical account of what he wrote is scarcely possible, from the frequent alterations made by him in the successive issues,

and from the copies having been widely scattered, many of them being now no longer accessible. A perfect collection of them is to be found neither at Eton College nor in the British Museum. The following list is, I believe, approximately correct. Most of the books, it will be seen, were printed for private circulation among friends.

1. "Auswahl von Goethes lyrischen Gedichten." London, 1833, small 8vo. (An Eton edition, for presentation only, seems also to have been issued, 1834.)

To this Selection from Goethe's lyric poems a short preface in German by Dr. Hawtrey is prefixed, in which he says that these poems are too little known in England. He offers this volume as a tribute to the poet in the year after his death. Sir Frederic Pollock has presented to the Eton Boys' Library Dr. Hawtrey's own interleaved copy, the blank leaves of which contain several of his translations [1] from the

[1] *See* Appendix VI, VII, VIII, IX, and X.

selected poems, Italian as well as English versions.

2. "Il Trifoglio, ovvero Scherzi Metrici d'un Inglese." London, 1839, small 8vo.

This was printed for private circulation, and was much admired by Italian scholars. It contains translations of short poems, with a few original pieces in Greek, Italian, and German. The versions are from French and English into Greek, from Latin, English, and German, into Italian, and from English into German. This small volume, which is full of genuine poetical feeling, was very favourably noticed in the "Quarterly Review," in 1841, "for the singular versatility of talent and command of various languages displayed in its pages, all the versions being executed not merely with surprising accuracy of phrase, but with a graceful felicity in catching the turn and genius of each tongue." We see from specimens[1] of these translations that Dr. Hawtrey belonged to a type of scholar which is rapidly vanishing, if it has not already vanished.

[1] *See* Appendix III, IV, V, XI, and XII.

The modern Philology, which in his time was but in its infancy, has produced great results, but our sensibilities to grace and beauty of form have not kept pace with our scientific progress. The exquisite art and skill shown in these renderings is almost a lost art.

3. "Two Translations from Homer (Iliad, iii. 234-244, and vi. 394-502), in English Hexameters, and the War-song of Callinus in Elegiacs, with prefatory remarks on the Versification." London, 1843, 4to, privately printed. He also contributed to "English Hexameter Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Homer, Callinus, and Meleager," London, 1847—a curiously-shaped oblong volume made to include the Hexameter lines without a break. This was a joint publication by Murray, for which Sir J. Herschel, Julius Hare, Whewell, J. G. Lonsdale, and Hawtrey wrote. Hawtrey's contributions were the three passages already privately printed (3), and the Meleager.[1]

[1] *See* Appendix XV.

Dr. Hawtrey was singled out, together with the late Professor Thompson and the late Master of Balliol, by Matthew Arnold,[1] as one of the natural judges of a translation of Homer; and the former of the two translations mentioned above—his version[2] of the famous passage where Helen asks about her two brothers, Castor and Pollux—he considered the most successful attempt at rendering Homer into English, the attempt in which Homer's general effect has been best retained.

4. Several volumes of Sermons and Lectures, none of them published. These range from the year 1846 to 1854. They were printed—the earliest in Paris, which naturally caused many misprints—a few in London, by J. H. Parker, the rest at Eton. The bulk of them consist of Cate-

[1] "Lectures on Translating Homer." London, 1861. (Lecture III.)

[2] These lovely lines, "suffused with a pensive grace, which is perhaps rather more Virgilian than Homeric," as Arnold says, are given, together with part of the other Homeric translations, in Appendix XIII. and XIV.

chetical Lectures delivered in Eton College Chapel. One very eloquent passage in a Lecture of March 25th, 1849. I have already (page 96) had occasion to quote. One other may here be given, in which an effective reference is made to the present Lord Dufferin, and the good work he had done at the time of the Irish Famine:

"God was present with Howard in the pestilential prison, He is with our own beloved Bishop Selwyn in the wilds of New Zealand—and not least, has He been with one who, feeling in youth and rank and independent fortune his high responsibilities, could leave the gay scenes, to which his position in society naturally called him, and having supplied himself, and collected from other young friends whose hearts were warmed by his influence and example, a large sum of money, not subtracted from any useful object, but from the savings of their own self-denial, sent across the sea to his poor countrymen the means of comfort and relief—to them who were naked while he was clothed—to them

who were dying of pestilence and famine, while he and his were enjoying more than the necessaries of life. God has been with him in his kind and unostentatious visits to the cabins of those who had none else to help them. There was no display in this, no profession of generous feelings or of high designs. He was cheered by no crowds, his quiet charity has been the theme of no public applause—but he had reward—he went about doing good, he made himself of none account: 'the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' I speak of one who, not many years since, was among you, of one little older than several of my hearers, of one who is hardly yet a graduate in that University where many are hardly yet aware of what he has done."

Dr. Hawtrey's contributions to the "Arundines Cami," are well known to scholars. The first edition in 1841 included six short pieces by him, three in Greek and three in Latin, among which

the Trochaics ἄσμα τοῦ τριωβόλου were selected for special praise by a writer in the "Quarterly Review" for that year. "The quiet gravity of the supposed scrap from Athenæus, reads like a genuine excerpt from that chronicler of amusing nothings." In a later edition of the "Arundines," there appeared a longer passage of sixty-four lines by Hawtrey, being a translation into Latin Elegiacs from a German poem by Hölth.

His occasional contributions to the Roxburghe Club, and to the Philobiblon Society (pp. 109, 183), have been already referred to.

> "Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
> Testa diu."

The favourite studies of Dr. Hawtrey in his declining years give force to the Horatian saying. Language and linguistic questions retained their charm for him. Of Max Müller's lectures he thus writes to Archdeacon Durnford in 1861:

"He has evidently that extensive knowledge of various tongues which alone is

sufficient to enable a man to speak with authority. It is not, indeed, that accuracy which we require in the learned languages; but I rather doubt whether, for the purpose in question, such minute accuracy is wanted. . . . I think he makes it clear that the progress from a language of separate ideas like the Chinese, to one of complicated forms containing many, like the Greek, is less improbable and hard to conceive than it is stated to be by other philologists. . . ."

Allusions occur in these letters to his reading Dutch literature. Italy, her language and her fortunes, had a special interest for him to the end. "The Italians had a Körner in Leopardi, and in Giusti [1]—neither of them much known in England. Leopardi's Ode to Italy has more of real Greek spirit than any modern lyric." "Italy now seems really rising again, even since the loss of Cavour, and the brigandage of the south; but the collected people will never submit lastingly to a sovereignty which does not speak to them from the

[1] *See* Appendix No. XXI.

Campidoglio." And he strongly recommends his friend a book on the history of the Lombard League, by an Italian priest, Luigi Tosti.

What estimate are we to form of Hawtrey as Provost in his relation to the School?—In answering this question two things must be borne in mind. In the first place he had been most closely connected with the old traditional Eton, almost from his cradle, trained there as a boy, absent from it for a very brief space, returning to it as an Assistant in very dark days, and entering upon his Head Mastership at a most difficult period, when the School had fallen into a fearful state. And secondly, he had certainly accomplished great things in his time, as I have shown, I trust, in the third chapter. He was approaching the year of his grand climacteric when he became Provost, and he suffered at times from a painful malady. Was he very unreasonable, if he thought he might enjoy his well-earned leisure among his books, and in the society of his chosen friends?

His zeal for the honour of the School, and for what he believed to be its truest welfare never abated.

His successor as Head Master, Dr. Goodford, of whom I can never speak without expressing the profoundest respect for him as a most conscientious tutor and teacher, and a truly admirable Head Master, was cast in an altogether different mould; so different that comparison between the two is almost out of the question. Cautiously, gradually and deliberately he introduced several most salutary changes in the management of the School and in the routine of study, particularly in the Upper Forms. Under his enlightened rule several pernicious customs, that had lingered on, sanctioned by long usage, one after another were judiciously removed. In the sphere of athletics especially a new era was inaugurated. Dr. Goodford, though he was the very incarnation of hard work, took the keenest interest in all the great contests. When Eton was beaten, for the first time, in the race against Westminster, May 4th,

1837, rowed at Datchet, William IV. was present, and declared that the Eton boys lost because Dr. Hawtrey was looking on. Had his successor been absent from a cricket-match at Lords, and the same thing happened, it would have been said that it was lost, because he was not present.

Most of the improvements originated by Dr. Goodford were welcomed by the Provost. Thus, he gave up the restriction by which the Assistant Master had been chosen only from former King's Scholars, while he had himself been hampered, when he wished to appoint the most eminent Etonian he had ever had. But, while he need not be described as an *acharné* reactionary, it must be admitted that henceforth he did not show himself ardently in favour of serious change, and that having begun his career as an enthusiastic reformer, he erred in later life from believing that the reforms he had effected could be final.

Some have ascribed to him exceptional timidity and conservativeness, and an exaggerated view of his office, as if everything

was to originate with him alone, and maintain that he was greatly irritated if any one attempted new reforms, or even to carry out his own principles. I do not think it is necessary to believe this, and the causes above alluded to seem sufficient to explain his attitude without attributing to him any special narrowness. The truth is he had been a reformer, and he lived on into an alien age. Mr. Froude says, "Moderate reformers always hate those who go beyond them." Erasmus would not go all lengths with the uncompromising spirit of men like Luther and Calvin and Melancthon, or break with the state of things in which he had been brought up. Hate is too strong a term, perhaps, for the urbane Hawtrey, though no doubt he resented the spying out by outsiders of any faults in his beloved Eton, "there where he had garner'd up his heart." And indeed it could hardly be expected that he should free himself or free the school entirely from the trammels of the past. A fresh departure was needed. It required sterner methods,

in spite of all the good that had been done in the place, to infuse new blood into the system. In the latter part of the year 1860, and through the following year, that system was subjected to a searching criticism.

The severest onset was headed by Matthew James Higgins, better known under his pseudonyms of "Jacob Omnium"[1] and "Paterfamilias," a man to whom Livy's[2] description of the elder Cato applied, "asperi proculdubio animi et linguæ acerbæ et immodicè liberæ fuit."

This naturally caused much annoyance to Dr. Hawtrey, and the more so as it came from a personal friend, and an Etonian who, in his opinion, was making unwarrantable and undutiful charges against his Alma Mater. I wrote to my cousin William Makepeace Thackeray, then editor of The Cornhill Magazine, in

[1] "His name is Jacob Homnium, Exquire;
And if *I'd* committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't 'ave that mann
Attack me in the *Times*."

Pleaceman X.

[2] Livy, xxxix. 40.

which Higgins' strictures had appeared, expostulating against what appeared to me to be the unnecessary violence and offensive spitefulness of his tone, and I received the following reply:

"36, Onslow Square,
"*Dec. 5th*, 1860.

"My dear St. John,

"Which among you is a clever and amusing penman? Set him to work to write an answer to our article. Make the defence as pleasant as the attack, and the public will be the gainers.

"You see our correspondent is an Eton man, and I took all his statements for granted.

"Short and amusing let the answer be. It will come too late for January, but February will do, and I don't think Eton will come to very much harm between now and then. "Yours always,

"W. M. T."

A similar challenge was given in The Cornhill, in which the Provost was invited to write a "smart and pleasant" defence. The gauntlet was not taken up in that

fashion by any of the authorities, but a good deal of pamphleteering went on in the course of the following months. On the 18th July, 1861, the Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the endowments, administration, and efficiency of the nine Public Schools, whose report was issued in two bulky volumes in 1864. On Founder's Day, December 6th, 1861, I was present at the annual banquet, which was held that year in the Election Chamber. After the dinner, the Provost gave vent to his feelings on the criticism to which the School and the College had been subjected, in a vehement speech in which he spoke with somewhat lofty scorn of "a popular magazine." He quoted Pope twice; first pathetically applying to Sir John Taylor Coleridge (father of the late Chief Justice), who had lit the first spark of the controversy in a lecture at Tiverton, the line

"Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"[1]

and then going on sternly to denounce

[1] Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

Higgins, and introducing the line on the Monument,

"Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies."[1]

What followed was painful in the extreme. The over-exertion and excitement proved too much for him, and a sudden seizure supervened. The usual evening party at the Lodge was hastily broken up. He had not many weeks to live. I think I only saw him once afterwards.

His attitude throughout this attack is seen in the following extracts from some letters to the late Bishop of Chichester, then Archdeacon of Manchester, the first of which were written in the autumn of 1860.

November 8th. "I am sorry for Sir J. Coleridge's pamphlet. It was inconsistent with the conversations which he held at Eton, and in which he was at full liberty to set forth candidly all his views. Why he should have reserved them for the townsmen of Tiverton, and then have given

[1] Moral Essays, Ep. iii.

them to the public, in preference to adopting a more confidential and friendly communication, it is for him to explain. I have always held him in such warm affection, that I deeply regret the course he has taken. 'If it had been an enemy that had done me this wrong,' etc., etc.

"I agree with him in several points, but it is hard not to have the credit of those opinions, and to appear to be compelled from without into reforms which were actually in progress, and which, had he inquired, he might have known to be so."

The next passages were written only a few months before his end, of which these words seem to show that he had some presentiment:

"It seems rather presumptuous in one's 73rd year to make any plans for other than the one great future, to which one hastens on very much like a falling body, the ratio of velocity multiplying as the end is nearer. At least, so I seem to feel, though I say very little about it."

September 8, 1861. "We hear nothing

yet from our executioners. We were threatened in October."

He then alludes to some arrangements in College proposed by one of the Fellows, but which the Provost regarded rather as new-fangled changes than improvements, and a fortnight later writes :

"The article in the 'Edinburgh' is undoubtedly by Higgins. Some one said to Canning, 'There is nothing so deceitful as figures.' His rejoinder sounded very paradoxical, but it is, notwithstanding, very true : 'Yes, there is,—facts.' This is just the case with the 'Edinburgh' libel. It is a selection of facts, which are worth nothing where their import is modified by the facts which are omitted, and when they are cleared of the gross misrepresentations with which they are mixed up."

In the last of the letters that refer to this subject, dated October 27, 1861, he says :

"We have at last received the Commissioners' Questions. They are very numerous and very minute, and, as far as I

can see, have for their text the various libels of Jacob Omnium. . . . I understand that Lord Clarendon will not be much listened to by his brother Commissioners. He had himself a private education, and is therefore, I should think, utterly unfit for the duty required of him. It is said he is very anxious to make French an integral part of Public School Education. So should I be too, if I could see how it could be done efficiently.

"Of course we must yield to the pressure of opinion in many points, but we may go too fast, and I am sure that a plan which is to overload the mind with variety, or to get rid of the old taste for classical original composition, will do more harm than good."

The last words touch on a subject to which he constantly recurs, and in a way which shows, that while Provost he had been by no means unobservant of the tendency to certain changes in the school curriculum which he regretted to see made, *e.g.*, where he says:

"I am inclined to think that there is much

less of that comparison of authors during lessons than formerly—more of philology, much less of taste; but then this is the University teaching. When boys go to Oxford or Cambridge now, philology and not taste is set before them as the main object of study.

"Now I believe this quenches the fire of poetry and deadens even the feeling for those beauties which were, in old times, so much admired. The taste is not—as Coleridge represents—Italianized, but formed on the modern school of English poetry, which—to my fancy—has not been improving. Italian concetti can hardly be the cause of false taste to those who never read Italian, and very sparingly either Milton or Shakespeare, who both were well fed with Italian thought, and the former certainly with Italian language."

Then he regrets the decay of original composition. He notes that it has become exceptional in the lower parts of the School.

"For I do not call such composition as

makes no call on the invention of the boy original. The mind requires to be early trained to this exercise; if not, a masterly power over language is never attained to except by boys of such genius as cannot be checked by defective teaching."

One of his former Assistant Masters speaks thus of his last meeting with Dr. Hawtrey. "It was at a house-concert: Marriott and I were laughing over some story. He came close and insisted on sharing in the fun, and his laugh was sadly feeble. Then he sat down to listen and dozed away, and I thought of Thorwaldsen's sleeping into death at a theatre, and I made Greek verses thereanent, which, of course, were never 'shewn up' to my generous *fautor*."

The gloom of those melancholy December days will never be effaced from my memory. On the morning following the Provost's speech at the Founder's Day Dinner, the public first became aware of the very serious character of the Prince Consort's illness. A week earlier he had been present when the

Eton College Volunteers passed in review before him and the Queen, on the green-sward below the East Terrace. He ought not to have gone: and, in fact, with the exception of a short walk on the Lower Garden Terrace, it was the last time that he went out of doors, and on the night of the 14th he died.

The Provost's end was hastened by attending the funeral of a near relation on an inclement day. For some time previously he underwent softening of the brain, lost all memory for words, and could not make himself understood. Then came increasing weakness, amounting to paralysis, and on January 27th, 1862, shortly before midnight, he died at the Lodge in his seventy-third year. The funeral was a deeply impressive one, beginning with a long procession round the Cloisters, of the Fellows, the seventy King's Scholars, the Assistant Masters and a large assemblage of personal friends. Among the pall-bearers were some distinguished personages. The Service was read by his old

schoolfellow and friend Sumner, late Bishop of Winchester. Provost Hawtrey was the last person buried within the walls of the College Chapel.

Mrs. Austin, in writing to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, when the Provost was hovering between life and death (January 21st, 1862), says: "Maurice goes back to Eton to-morrow. Eton, which I loved so much, now contains very sad memories of my good old friend. What a year of mourning and grief! Lord Lansdowne says, that during his long life of eighty-two years, he has never experienced anything like it." And Dean Milman in a letter to Mrs. Austin, on March 10th, 1862, speaks thus of the loss to them both, in Dr. Hawtrey's death:

"And now for the other sad subject of our common sorrow. With me it is a friendship of boyhood, kept up with more or less hearty intercourse since our Eton days, with very many common objects of interest. Little did I think when I accepted the offer of his Mapledurham home

in the summer, and had the enjoyment of his society every other Sunday, that we were not to meet again in this world. I begin sadly to feel the inevitable lot of prolonged life; my dearest friends are dropping round me with frightful frequency. I cannot say that I do not make new and younger friends; but they are not the old. I really think the Provost of Eton almost the last whom I knew well, to the end of whose tether in reading, especially in reading works of imaginative scholarship, and what are called 'Belles Lettres' in all languages, I do not come; men of the Hallam and Macaulay type."

It does not lie within the scope of this brief memoir, to compare the Eton of the middle of this century with the Eton of its close,—enriched as it is with the splendid environment she has engrafted upon her earlier heritage. Such a contrast has already been drawn more than once of late years. Some features of the place are obliterated, some parts of the Collegiate system one could have wished retained,

have vanished. But change is necessary for the stability of any institution; progress is the condition of permanence. If in retracing a period that is alien to our own age, I seem to any to have over-coloured the picture, if a halo is shed over those distant days because,

> "the past will always win
> A glory from its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein,"

if there were serious blots in the old system left by Hawtrey to be erased by those who came after him, still let justice be done to the *Magister Informator*, who raised the conception and theory of what a great Public School like his ought to be,—who accomplished, it may be fairly said, more than any of his predecessors, and sowed much

> "generous seed
> Fruitful of further thought and deed."

In the chain of continuity that binds the college annals together through its varied

fortunes, Hawtrey represents one of the most important of the links. He had large and liberal ideas. "He was of the great Society of the Encouragers, who make the wheels of the world go round."[1] His individuality was very striking. Those who knew him are not likely to forget him. To those who knew him not, but are reaping the fruits which without him might never have ripened, he deserves to be something more than "the shadow of a great name."

Dr. Hawtrey was never married. To his mother, left in her widowhood in somewhat straitened circumstances, he had been a most valued and dutiful son; and after her death he proved himself the kind protector of his three sisters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Laura. The eldest lived with him and kept his house in Weston's Yard. On the death of Mary in Cadogan Place, where he had kept up for her and her sister an establishment at the cost of about £500 a year, Laura came to live at Eton, and she died at Ewhurst, while Hawtrey held the

[1] S. R. Crockett.

Rectory of that place. After the removal to the Provost's Lodge, the health of the remaining sister failed. All that could be done for her by her brother was done. He had been known to say, "My wish would be that we might both drop off the perch together," and the wish was almost fulfilled, for she was unconscious of his death, which took place about two years before her own.

In another of Mrs. Austin's letter to M. B. St. Hilaire, we have the following touching description:

"Weybridge,
(Translation.) "*Sept.* 21*st*, 1860.

"I write little, dear friend, because my work absorbs and tries me. From time to time I am forced to rest, so I have been for a week with my excellent Provost, not at Eton, but at his vicarage of Mapledurham, on the banks of the beautiful and silvery Thames. This incomparable brother passes his life very sadly by the side of his sister, who has become imbecile, though always affectionate and sweet-tempered. He has

the courage not to banish her from his society or his table, and I admired with my whole heart, the dignity with which he surrounds her with every care and respect. There is real heroism for you—a word so often profaned."

An oil portrait of Dr. Hawtrey, painted by Hélène Feillet, a lady of Bayonne, in 1853, for his friend the late Canon James, which his son presented to the College, hangs in the Provost's Lodge. It is from this portrait that the photogravure which forms the frontispiece of this volume is taken.

On the morning when the news arrived of Dr. Goodford's election to the Provostship, I called on my old tutor to offer my congratulations. Our thoughts naturally reverted to his predecessor, and when I spoke of his acts of kindness to myself, and his great generosity, he assented cordially, and added, "Yes! he ruined himself by it." It is to be regretted that afterwards he declined to accept the inscription composed by Sir William Fraser, for the monument erected to the memory of Dr. Hawtrey

in the College Chapel, on the ground that it was not in Latin. It runs as follows:

"An exquisite Scholar; and refined Critic; a Man of the World in the best sense of the term; he loved and served this place with the enthusiastic devotion of a thoroughly practical mind.

"Teaching successfully, that Truthfulness is the basis of all Religion; and of all Manliness; he made proverbial the honour of an Eton boy."

To which may be added the description already quoted from the estimate of him given in Mr. Maxwell Lyte's pages, which sums up well his character, that he was

"*A Hero among schoolmasters.*"

The monument for which the inscription given above was written, designed by Woodyer, with a recumbent figure by Nicholls, was not finally completed till the year 1878.

In the chancel of Mapledurham Church, there are two stained glass windows in commemoration of him, by Hardman—"the

gift of a grateful friend." In the almshouses of the village, some photographs of him may be seen, and a few old folk can still remember his kind deeds, the presents he used to bring them in his walks, his gentleness and his courtesy, and continue to speak with genuine affection of good old Provost Hawtrey.

APPENDIX

OF

SELECTIONS FROM METRICAL TRANSLATIONS

BY DR. HAWTREY,

INTO GREEK, LATIN, ENGLISH, FRENCH, ITALIAN, AND GERMAN.

I.

HARK! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?—
'Twas Death.—In haste
The warrior past;
High tower'd his helmèd head:
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield,
Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry air.

MASON'S *Caractacus.*

I.

ἔκλυες ἔκλυες ὡς βρονταίῳ
ποδὶ πληχθεῖσα χθῶν ἐσαλεύθη ;[1]—
ἔγνων Θάνατον.—ταχινὸς δὲ συθεὶς
ὑπὲρ ὀρφναίαν κεφαλῆς κυνέην
σεῖ᾽ ὁ μαχητής.
σάκος αἰχμήτου θ᾽ ὅπλ᾽ ἐθεώμην.
εἶδον στιβαροῦ λάμπουσαν δορὸς
ἄμβροτον αἰγλήν· ὕψι δὲ πῆχυς
τὸ γιγάντειον φάσγανον αἴρει.
τοῦ δ᾽ ἄπο μακρὸν αἴσσων σπίνθηρ
στεροπῆς δέμας ἀέρ᾽ ἀνάπτει.

1807. E. C. H.

[1] A considerable break must here be intended, as otherwise the law of the *συνάφεια* would be broken.

II.

WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
Oh, how shall I appear!
If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And shudders at the thought;
When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
Oh, how shall I appear!
But Thou hast told the troubled soul
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of his tears
Shall endless woes prevent.
Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.
For never shall my soul despair
His pardon to procure,
Who knows Thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

ADDISON.

II.

DA rimorso e da timore
Quando oppresso io sorgerò
Quando in faccia al mio fattore
Troverommi, ah che farò?
La mercè si può trovare
Il perdono ancor si chier
Pur mi sento il cor tremare,
Vacillarne al sol pensier.
Se scoperte s'appressarmi
Le tue glorie alfin vedrò
Te parato a giudicarmi,
O gran dio! che mai farò?
Hai promesso al tristo core
Che sì piange il suo fallir,
D'accettare il suo dolore,
D'accettare il suo pentir.
Senti dunque del mio core
I martiri e lo gridar,
Lo gridar del Salvatore
Quei martiri ad ajutar.
Di perdono e di mercede
L'alma mia doppiar non sa,
S'egli grida, e a morte cede
Per la mia felicità.

1811. E. C. H.

III.

(*Original.*)

CANZONETTA.

GEME l'onda
Sulla sponda,
Si rinversa al mare il sen,
Mentre errando,
Sospirando,
Penso a te mio caro ben!

Sta dall' ombra
L'etra ingombra.
Ma più nero è il mio dolor;
Più molesta
La tempesta
Fremo dentro a questo cor.

III.

CHE sovente
Vienmi in mente
Del passato il sovvenir;
Del bel viso,
Del sorriso,
Del parlare e del sospir;

Di quel petto,
Per diletto
Dove sta scherzando amor;
Di quel labbro
Di cinabbro,
Che membrando io tremo ancor.

Memoria,
Troppo ria,
Cessa ormai squarciarmi il sen:
Che fu gioja
Ora è noja;—
Ho perduto il caro ben!

1812. E. C. H.

IV.

IN FRATREM ET SOROREM UNOCULOS EPIGRAMMA.

LUMINE Acron dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro,
Ille tamen forma vincit et illa Deos.
Culte puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori ;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

IV.

DAL LATINO.

UN' occhio manca a Licida,
Un' occhio a Lionella,
Nella beltade i superi
Pur vince e questi e quella.
A Lionella, o Licida,
Concedi l' occhio tuo,
Ella sarebbe Venere,
E tu lo figlio suo.

1820. E. C. H.

V.

TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me, up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!
Alas! my journey rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind
As full of gladness and as free of Heaven,
I with my fate contented still plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.

WORDSWORTH.

V.

DIE LERCHE.

RAFFE mich, Lerch', in die Wolken mit dir!
Steigst so schnelle, singst so helle;
Raffe mich auf in die Wolken mit dir!
Singend immer,
Durch umklingende Nebel und Ætherschimmer,
Hebe mich, leite mich, bis ich find'
Die Lüfte, die so dir gemüthlich sind!

Schroff leider meine Reise und uneben
Durch Dornen oder Staub muss immer streichen;
Hör' ich nur dich und And're deines gleichen
So wonnevoll und frei im Himmel schweben,
So wandl' ich fort, zufrieden, fest und sacht,
Und wart' auf höh're Freud' in später Lebensnacht.

1834. E. C. H.

VI.

DER ABSCHIED.

LASS mein Aug' den Abschied sagen
Den mein Mund nicht nehmen kann!
Schwer, wie schwer ist er zu tragen!
Und ich bin doch sonst ein Mann.

Traurig wird in dieser Stunde
Selbst der Liebe süsstes Pfand,
Kalt der Kuss von deinem Munde,
Matt der Druck von deiner Hand.

Sonst, ein leicht gestohlner Mäulchen,
O wie hat es mich entzückt!
So erfreuet uns ein Veilchen,
Das man früh im März gepflückt.

Doch ich pflücke nun kein Kränzchen,
Keine Rose mehr für dich.
Frühling ist es, liebes Fränzchen,
Aber leider Herbst für mich!

GOETHE.

VI.

PARTING.

WE must part; my eyes declare, Love,
What my accents never can.
Hard, Oh hard it is to bear, Love,
Though I'm used to play the man.

Once so sweet; no sign of gladness
Can Love's dearest pledge command:
E'en thy lips are cold with sadness,
Weak the pressure of thine hand.

Yet from those dear lips what pleasure
Once a stolen kiss could bring!
Sweeter than the early treasure
Of a violet pluckt in Spring.

As for flowers—I pluck not any—
Not a rose-bud more for thee;
It is Spring;—but, dearest Fanny,
These are Autumn-days for me.

E. C. H.

1833.

VII.

DAS VEILCHEN.

EIN Veilchen auf der Wiese stand
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzig's Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin,
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn,
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang—

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt,
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sang und starb und freut sich noch:
Und sterb ich denn so sterb ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füssen doch.

GOETHE.

VII.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET in the meadow grew;
(A humble plant, that no one knew)
It was a gentle flower.
A youthful shepherdess came by,
With quick light step, and merry eye,
Came by, came by
The meadow while she sang—

"Ah," thought the violet, "were but I
The fairest flower beneath the sky
For one—one little hour,
Till that sweet maid had pluckt and prest
My fading leaves upon her breast,
Her lovely breast—
How short, how sweet the pang!"

Alas! the lovely maiden's feet—
They heeded not the violet,
But crushed the gentle flower.
It sung, and died, and joy'd to die;
"If death *must* come, yet thus to lie
How sweet, how sweet,
Thus at *her* feet to lie!"

1833. E. C. H.

VIII.

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN.

ICH denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
Vom Meere strahlt;
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer
In Quellen mahlt.

Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt;
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der Wandrer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen
Die Welle steigt.
Im stillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauschen,
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seyst auch noch so ferne,
Du bist mir nah!
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne,
O wärst du da!

GOETHE.

VIII.

VICINANZA DELL' AMANTI.

I THINK of thee, when o'er the deep are beaming
The sun's warm rays;
I think of thee, when o'er the fountain gleaming
The moonlight plays.

I look for thee, when dust is far ascending
In hot mid-day;
Or when at night the weary traveller 's wending
His narrow way.

'Tis thee I hear, when'er the waves are swelling,
And murmur low:
For thee, when Silence o'er the wood is dwelling,
I list'ning go.

I'm still with thee (for love there 's no confining),
And think thee near;
The sun descends — the stars will soon be shining—
O wert thou here!

1833. E. C. H.

IX.

SOLDATENLIED.

Die Trommel gerühret!
Das Pfeifchen gespielt!
Mein Liebster bewaffnet
Dem Haufen befiehlt,
Die Lanze hoch führet,
Die Leute regieret.
Wie klopft mir das Herze!
Wie wallt mir das Blut!
O hätt' ich ein Wämmslein,
Und Hosen und Hut!
Ich folgt' ihm zum Thor 'naus.
Mit muthigem Schritt,
Ging' durch die Provinzen,
Ging' überall mit.
Die Feinde schon weichen,
Wir schiessen da drein.
Welch Glück sonder Gleichen
Ein Mannsbild zu seyn.

GOETHE.

IX.

CLÄRCHEN'S SONG IN EGMONT.

I HEAR the drum beating!
I hear the fife play!
'Tis my love who commands them
In battle-array;
High quivers his lance,
While he bids them advance.
How bounds my heart towards him!
How quick my blood flows!
Had I but a jerkin
And helmet and hose,
With him through the barrier
I'd follow with glee,
Through town and through country
Where'er he might be.—
The foes feel our pressure!
The breach we have won!—
O joy without measure
Such manhood to own!

1833. E. C. H.

X.

MEERES-STILLE.

TIEFE Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!
Todtestille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuren Weite,
Reget keine Welle sich.

GLÜCKLICHE FAHRT.

DIE Nebel zerreissen,
Der Himmel ist helle
Und Aeolus löset
Das ängstliche Band.
Es säuseln die Winde,
Es rührt sich der Schiffer!
Geschwinde! Geschwinde!
Es theilt sich die Welle,
Es naht sich die Ferne;
Schon seh' ich das Land!

GOETHE.

X.

CALMA DI MARE.

VE! che calmer è sopra l'onda!
Senza moto dorme il mar;
E qual pian che lo circonda
Mira e geme il marinar.
D'ogni parte l' aura tace;
Spaventoso è quel tacer!
D' ogni parte l' acqua giace,
Dove l' occhio può veder.

CORSO FELICE.

LA nebbia si scioglie
Il ciel si rischiara,
Ed Éolo toglie
Scuotendosi il fren.
Già stridono i venti;
Già stanno i nocchierí
Attenti,
Attenti!
Si fendono l'onde;—
No; non è lontano,—
Già vedo il terren!

1833. E. C. H.

XI.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sank chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

XI.

ALS ich erst von dir in Schmerzen
Schweigend, weinend, musst' abgehn,
Und mit halbgebrochenem Herzen
Manche Jahre ferne stehn,
Blass und kalt ward deine Wange,
Kälter noch dein Liebeskuss;—
Dann, O dann es ward mir bange
Für den heut'gen Thränenfluss!

Und des Morgenthaues Schauer
Kalt auf meine Stirne fiel—
Und es ahndte mir die Trauer
Die ich jetzt im Busen fühl'.
Hin ist Ehre; hin ist Treue;
Hin ist deiner Liebe Pfand;
Redet man von dir—mit Reue
Nehm' ich Theil an deiner Schand.

O wie oft, mit Schreckentönen
Kommt dein Name in's Gehör!
Zittern alle meine Sehnen—
Warum liebt' ich dich so sehr?
Niemand glaubt' ich könnt dich kennen
Und doch betet' ich dich an;—
Lang wird's mir im Herzen brennen
Tiefer als ich sagen kann.

In secret we met:
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

BYRON.

Heimlich scheidend beide schwiegen;
Schweigend leid' ich meinen Schmerz,
Denn du konntest mich betrügen,
Mich vergessen konnt' dein Herz.
Aber wenn nach manchen Jahren
Wir uns dürften wiedersehn,—
Dann, O dann wie würd' es fahren?—
Schweigend, weinend möcht' ich stehn!

1834. E. C. H.

XII.

THE brave Roland,—the brave Roland!
Sad tidings reach'd the Rhenish strand
That he had fallen in fight:
And thy faithful bosom swoon'd with pain,
O fairest maid of Allémayne,
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash hath she ta'en the veil
In yon Nonnenwerther's cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o'er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
'Twas her own dear warrior's horn.

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed,—shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck
Had he come but yester-'even!
And he had clasped those peerless charms,
Which shall never, never fill his arms,
Or meet him but in Heaven!

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
It was dear still 'midst his woes.
For he loved to breathe the neighbouring air,
And to think she bless'd him in her prayer
When the Hallelujah rose.

XII.

ROLAND der tapf're, treu' Roland
Es kam Gerücht in's Vaterland
Er sey in Schlacht erlegen;
Und dein schönes Herz versank in Pein
Du lieblichstes Mädchen am ganzen Rhein
Des theuren Ritters wegen.

Warum so rasch den Schley'r anziehn
Wo Nonnenwerthers Kerzen glühn?
Denn sie hatte kaum geschwor'n,
Es verhallte kaum der Hochgesang,
Als der Drachenfelsen laut erklang;—
Es war des Liebsten Horn.

Weh! Weh! Das Herz verblüten muss!
Wie innig gestern wär' ihr Kuss—
Und es wär' noch gestern Pflicht!
Nun muss ihm Liebesglück entgehn—
Muss nimmer nimmer mehr sie sehn,
Geschieht's im Himmel nicht.

Doch Roland der tapfr'e, treu' Roland
Kann nicht verlassen jenen Rand,
Und in Schmerzen, noch wie vor,
Die nahen Lüfte athmen will,
Süss wähnend sie ihn segnet still
In dem Halleluja-Chor!

She died. He sought the battle-plain;
Her image filled his dying brain
When he fell and wished to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of Chivalry,
Expired at Ronceval.

CAMPBELL.

Sie starb. Er sucht das Kriegesfeld ;
Ihr Bild im Herzen fasst der Held
Wo er musst' und möchte fallen ;
Und sein letzter Odem seufzt nach ihr
Da Roland, der Ritter höchste Zier
Erstarb in Roncewallen.

1833. E. C. H.

XIII.

Νῦν δ' ἄλλους μὲν πάντας ὁρῶ ἐλίκωπας Ἀχαιούς,
οὕς κεν ἐὺ γνοίην, καί τ' οὔνομα μυθησαίμην·
δοιὼ δ' οὐ δύναμαι ἰδέειν κοσμήτορε λαῶν,
Κάστορά θ' ἱππόδαμον καὶ πὺξ ἀγαθὸν Πολυδεύκεα,
αὐτοκασιγνήτω, τώ μοι μία γείνατο μήτηρ.
ἦ οὐχ ἑσπέσθην Λακεδαίμονος ἐξ ἐρατεινῆς,
ἦ δεύρω μὲν ἕποντο νέεσσ' ἔνι ποντοπόροισι,
νῦν αὖτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι μάχην καταδύμεναι ἀνδρῶν,
αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνείδεα πόλλ' ἃ μοι ἔστιν.
Ὣς φάτο· τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίζοος αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αὖθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

HOMER, *Iliad*, iii. 234.

XIII.

HELEN FROM THE WALLS OF TROY LOOKING FOR HER BROTHERS.

CLEARLY the rest I behold of the dark-ey'd sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car—Polydeukes brave with the cestus—
Own dear brethren of mine—one parent lov'd us as infants.
Are they not here in the host, from the shores of lov'd Lacedaemon,
Or, tho' they came with the rest in ships that bound thro' the waters,
Dare they not enter the fight or stand in the council of Heroes,
All for fear of the shame and the taunts my crime has awaken'd?
So said she;—they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing,
There, in their own dear land, their Fatherland, Lacedaemon.

1843. E. C. H.

XIV.

Ἕκτορ, ἀτὰρ σύ μοί ἐσσι πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ
ἠδὲ κασίγνητος, σὺ δέ μοι θαλερὸς παρακοίτης·
ἀλλ' ἄγε νῦν ἐλέαιρε καὶ αὐτοῦ μίμν' ἐπὶ πύργῳ,
μὴ παῖδ' ὀρφανικὸν θήῃς χήρην τε γυναῖκα·
λαὸν δὲ στῆσον παρ' ἐρινεόν, ἔνθα μάλιστα
ἀμβατός ἐστι πόλις καὶ ἐπίδρομον ἔπλετο τεῖχος.
τρὶς γὰρ τῇ γ' ἐλθόντες ἐπειρήσανθ' οἱ ἄριστοι
ἀμφ' Αἴαντε δύω καὶ ἀγακλυτὸν Ἰδομενῆα,
ἤ πού τίς σφιν ἔνισπε θεοπροπίων ἐὺ εἰδώς,
ἤ νυ καὶ αὐτῶν θυμὸς ἐποτρύνει καὶ ἀνώγει.
Τὴν δ' αὖτε προσέειπε μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·

XIV.

FROM THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

"HECTOR—to me thou art all and enough for Father and Mother,
Aye, and for brothers too—my brave, my beautiful husband!
Oh, then pity me now, and stay where thou art on the ramparts.
Make not thy child here an orphan, thy wife too a desolate widow.
Bid the men halt by the fig-tree grove, where approach to the city
Seems to invite the foe and to give a clear path to the onset.
Thrice already the bravest have that way tried to assail us;
Ajax the swift, and the bold, and the far-famed king of the Cretans.
One must have told them the way, well-skilled in the art of divining,
Or their own spirit has urg'd them prophetic of victory onwards."
Then to her answering made the great helm-quivering Hector:

ἦ καὶ ἐμοὶ τάδε πάντα μέλει, γύναι· ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
αἰδέομαι Τρῶας καὶ Τρωάδας ἑλκεσιπέπλους,
αἴ κε κακὸς ὣς νόσφιν ἀλυσκάζω πολέμοιο.
οὐδέ με θυμὸς ἄνωγεν, ἐπεὶ μάθον ἔμμεναι ἐσθλὸς
αἰεὶ καὶ πρώτοισι μετὰ Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,
ἀρνύμενος πατρός τε μέγα κλέος ἠδ' ἐμὸν αὐτοῦ.
εὖ γὰρ ἐγὼ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα καὶ κατὰ θυμόν·
ἔσσεται ἦμαρ ὅτ' ἄν πότ' ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἰρὴ
καὶ Πρίαμος καὶ λαὸς ἐυμμελίω Πριάμοιο.
ἀλλ' οὔ μοι Τρώων τόσσον μέλει ἄλγος ὀπίσσω,
οὔτ' αὐτῆς Ἑκάβης οὔτε Πριάμοιο ἄνακτος
οὔτε κασιγνήτων, οἵ κεν πολέες τε καὶ ἐσθλοὶ
ἐν κονίῃσι πέσοιεν ὑπ' ἀνδράσι δυσμενέεσσιν,
ὅσσον σεῖ', ὅτε κέν τις Ἀχαιῶν χαλκοχιτώνων

"I too have thought of all this, dear wife, but I fear the reproaches
Both of the Trojan youths and the long-robed maidens of Troja,
If like a cowardly churl I should keep me aloof from the combat:
Nor would my spirit permit; for well I have learnt to be valiant,
Fighting aye 'mong the first of the Trojans marshalled in battle,
Striving to keep the renown of my sire and my own unattainted.
Well, too well, do I know,—both my mind and my spirit agreeing,—
That there will be a day when sacred Troja shall perish.
Priam will perish too, and the people of Priam, the spear-arm'd.
Still, I have not such care for the Trojans doom'd to destruction,
No nor for Hecuba's self, nor for Priam, the monarch, my father,
Nor for my brothers' fate, who though they may be many and valiant,
All in the dust may lie low by the hostile spears of Achaia,
As for thee, when some youth of the brazen-mailèd Achæans

δακρυόεσσαν ἄγηται, ἐλεύθερον ἦμαρ ἀπούρας.
καί κεν ἐν Ἄργεϊ ἐοῦσα πρὸς ἄλλης ἱστὸν ὑφαίνοις,
καί κεν ὕδωρ φορέοις Μεσσηΐδος ἢ Ὑπερείης,
πόλλ' ἀεκαζομένη, κρατερὴ δ' ἐπικείσετ' ἀνάγκη·
καί ποτέ τις εἴπῃσιν, ἰδὼν κατὰ δάκρυ χέουσαν·
Ἕκτορος ἥδε γυνή, ὃς ἀριστεύεσκε μάχεσθαι
Τρώων ἱπποδάμων, ὅτε Ἴλιον ἀμφεμάχοντο.
ὥς ποτέ τις ἐρέει· σοὶ δ' αὖ νέον ἔσσεται ἄλγος
χήτει τοιοῦδ' ἀνδρός, ἀμύνειν δούλιον ἦμαρ.
ἀλλά με τεθνηῶτα χυτὴ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτοι,
πρίν γέ τι σῆς τε βοῆς σοῦ θ' ἑλκηθμοῖο πυθέσθαι.

Iliad, vi. 429.

Weeping shall bear thee away and bereave thee
for ever of freedom,
Then for another perchance thou'lt handle the
shuttle in Argos
Slave-like, or water bear from Messeïs or else
Hypereä,
Sorely against thy will, for force will weigh
heavily on thee.
Some one perchance will say, while he looks at
thee bitterly weeping,
Lo, this is Hector's wife, who once was first in
the battle
'Mong the Dardanian host, when they fought for
the safety of Ilion.
So will the stranger say; and thine will be
bitterer anguish,
Widow'd of husband so brave, who might have
kept off the enslaver.
Oh! may the earth o'erspread first cover me
deep in her bosom,
Ere I can hear thy wail when they drag thee
from Troy as a captive."

1843. E. C. H.

XV.

Δάκρυα σοὶ καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονὸς, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι, στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀΐδαν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυπλαύτῳ δ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
σπένδω μνᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
οἰκτρὰ γὰρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Μελέαγρος
αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
αἰ αἰ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἅρπασεν Ἅιδας,
ἅρπασεν· ἀκμαῖον δ' ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
ἀλλά σε γουνοῦμαι, γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν παύδυρτον
ἠρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

MELEAGER.

XV.

THOUGH the earth hide thee, yet there, even there, my Heliodora,
All that is left me, I give, tears of my love, to thy grave,
Tears, how bitterly shed, on thy tomb bedewed with my weeping,
Pledge of my fond regret, pledge of affection for thee.
Piteously, piteously still, but in vain, grieves on Meleager:
Thou art among the dead; Acheron heeds not my woe.
Where is the flower that I loved? Death has torn it away in the spring-tide,
Torn it away, and the dust stains the fair leaves in their bloom.
Genial Earth, be it thine, at the mourner's humble entreaty,
Gently to hold in thine arms her whom I ever deplore.

1843. E. C. H.

XVI.

Εἴθ' ἄνεμος γενόμην, σὺ δὲ δὴ στείχουσα παρ' αὐγὰς
στήθεα γυμνώσαις, καί με πνέοντα λάβοις.
εἴθε ῥόδον γενόμην ὑποπόρφυρον, ὄφρα με χερσὶν
ἁραμένη χαρίσῃ στήθεσι χιονέοις.

Incerti Auctoris.

IMITATION EN RONDEAU.

HEUREUX Zephyr!
Que je t'envie
Ce doux plaisir,
Quand ma Célie
Découvre au soleil la blancheur
D'un cou d'ivoire, avec ton aile
D'en modérer l'ardeur,
Et là fidèle
Pouvoir mourir!
Heureux Zephyr!

XVI.

OH s'io fossi un zeffiretto!
Ed allor chè il sol t' offende,
Il candore del tuo petto
Mi volesse, o Nice, aprir!
Una rosa fossi almeno!
Di tua man colta potrei
Sulla neve del tuo seno
Riposandomi morir.

1849. E. C. H.

Rose plus fortunée
De cette main touchée!
Toi qui pourras t' épanouir
Sur ce beau sein que la cruelle
A mes yeux jamais ne révéle,
Et là mourir,
De cette main touchée
Rose plus fortunée!

E. C. H.

These two versions are taken from Dr. Wellesley's "Anthologia Polyglotta."

XVII.

FROM MELINCOURT, A NOVEL.

'TIS said the Rose is Love's own flower,
Its blush as bright, its thorns as many;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For, though young Love's ethereal rose
Will drop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows with sadly soothing care
To deck the grave of bloom and beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,
That fragrance is but memory's sigh
Which breathes of pleasures gone for ever.

Why did not Love the Amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish?
Alas! no sweets its leaves disclose,
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.
But be the Rose and Amaranth twined,
And Love their mingled power assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

XVII.

IDEM LATINE.

JURE rosam proprio sibi vindicat ipse Cupido,
  Et similes spinæ sunt, similisque rubor;
Invida si tollat foliorum bruma colores,
  E calice ambrosio non minus halat odor.
Scilicet ætherii quamvis marcescat Amoris,
  In gelido senii pectore lapsa, Rosa,
At folia Arctois retinent spirantia flabris
  Dulcia quæ primi munera veris erant:

Dulcia nequiquam—referunt hærentia menti
  Officia illacrimans qualia præstat Amor,
Tristia dum vana tentat solatia cura
  Virgineo spargens ultima dona rogo.
Sicca gelu folia et macie contracta perenni
  Igne suo rursus Fata rubere vetant.
Dulcia non aliter revocant suspiria, flenti
  Gaudia quæ nulla sunt reditura die.

Cur te præteriit demens, Amaranthe, Cupido?
  Non tibi sunt spinæ, nec tibi bruma nocet.
Flos tuus, heu! nullum foliis exspirat odorem;
  Suavia si desint, vivere nolit Amor.
Quod superest, una nectatur uterque corolla,
  Sic positos flores dum fovet ille Deus,
Ut fronti injiciat sertum lætatus eburnæ
  Perpetuo fragrans perpetuoque rubens.

1851. E. C. H.

XVII.

LO STESSO TRADOTTO IN ITALIANO.

COME 'l suo fior la rosa scelse Amore;
Simili son le spine e la rossezza.
L' inverno, che le guasta il bel colore
Torre non mai potè la sua dolcezza.
Se di quel biondo Dio l'etereo fiore
Langue sul freddo sen della Vecchiezza,
Spandono i fogli quell' odor che v'era
Nella dolce stagion di primavera.

Ma la fragranza, oimè! che là dimora
Rassembra a quegli odor ch'un vano pianto
Solando sparge la pietade, allora
Ch' alla bellezza morta duole accanto.
Quand' ogni foglio secco si scolora,
Sparito quel rubor che piacque tanto,
Quella fragranza è lo sospir, che spene
Rappella di piacer che non riviene.

Scegliersi l' amaranto Amor dovrebbe;
Egli spine non ha, nè può sfiorire.
Dolcezza mai nell' amaranto crebbe:
Senza dolcezza Amor dovria morire.
La rosa e l' amaranto unir potrebbe;
Sì mescolando i fior sapria coprire
D' una ghirlanda la sua fronte Amore
Di dolcezza perpetua e di rossore.

E. C. H.

XVIII.

ELLE était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin.
Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses
L'espace d'un matin.

MALHERBE (1555-1628).

Ἐκ χθονὸς ἦν ἡ παῖς· τὰ δὲ πάντα κάλ' ἠδ' ἀγαπητὰ
ἐν χθονί πως μοῖραν σκληροτάτην ἔλαχεν·
ἦν δὲ Ῥόδη· τέλεσεν δὲ ῥόδου βίον, ἦν γε μί' ἦως
αὐξομένην εἶδεν, κἄτα μαραινομένην.

E. C. H.

XIX.

A BRIGHT little *jeu d'esprit* on two dignitaries long since dead; the Archbishop reclaiming his own charge or sermon indignantly, the Bishop parrying the attack by a pun on the title of his see.

Cantuariensis.

Privatas monitus relinque chartas,
Meamque improbe, pone contionem.
Quæ scripsi mea sunt.

Tuamensis.

Tuam requiris?
Frustra glorier hoc episcopatu,
Tuam ni liceat *meam* vocare.

1854. E. C. H.

XX.

IN the garden of Farnham Castle there was a leaning acacia, supported by the thick stem of an ivy-tree. This suggested to Hawtrey the following epigram in connection with the approaching marriage of a daughter of Dr. Sumner, it having been arranged that she and her husband were to continue to live with the Bishop.

Ἥνιδε πῶς φύλλοις νεοθήλεσιν ἠρέμα κισσὸς
ἑρπύζει, δένδρον παῖς ἅτ' ἐναγκαλίσας,
στηρίξας δ' ἓο ῥίζαν ἐνὶ χθονὶ τοῦ προπεσόντος
μοῦνον ἔρεισμ' ἔχεται τόν τε τρέφοντα τρέφει.
ἀλλὰ σὺ—δισσὸν ἔρεισμα σὺν ἀνέρι—τὸν φίλον οὕτως
οὐ προλιποῦσ', Ἔρατοῖ, στέρξον ἀεὶ πατέρα.

1854.

XXI.

GLI AFFETTI D'UNA MADRE.

PRESSO alla culla in dolce atto d' amore,
Che intendere non può chi non è madre,
Tacita siede ed immobile; ma il volto
Nel suo vezzoso bambinel rapito,
Arde, si turba e rasserena in questi
Pensieri della mente inebriata.

Teco vegliar m' è caro,
Gioir, pianger con te: beata e pura
Si fa l' anima mia di cura in cura;
In ogni pena un nuovo affetto imparo.

Esulta, alla materna ombra fidato,
Bellissimo innocente!
Se venga il dì che amor soavemente
Nel nome mio ti sciolga il labbro amato,
Come l'ingenue gota e le infantili
Labbra t' adorna di bellezza il fiore,
A te così nel core
Affetti educherò tutti gentili.

The following translation was made by the Provost a little more than a year before his death.

XXI.

MATERNAL LOVE.

CLOSE by the cradle in an act of Love,
Of Love, whose sweetness Mothers only know,
Silent she sits, and motionless; her gaze
Entranced the while on that fair infant boy;
Then glows, now anxious, now serene again,
As thoughts, like these, swell in her raptur'd heart.

Dear is my watching, dear my joy, my tears,
With thee e'en dearer: still more blest, more pure
My soul becomes, as care succeeds to care:
From every pang a new affection springs.

O'ershadow'd by thy Mother's Love, rejoice,
Fairest of innocents! If a day arrive,
When Love shall open those dear lips to utter
Thy Mother's name in lisping sweetness, *then*,
Oh! *then*, as Beauty's flower those infant lips
Adorns, and "the eloquent blood" of those fair cheeks,
So will I bring to birth in that young heart
Thoughts and affections not less pure and fair.

Così piena e compita
Avrò l' opra che vuol da me natura,
Sarò dell' amor tuo lieta e sicura,
Come data t' avessi un' altra vita.

Goder d' ogni mio bene,
D' ogni mia contentezza il Ciel ti dia!
Io della vita nella dubbia via
Il peso porterò delle tue pene.

O se per nuovo obietto
Un dì t' affanna giovenil desio,
Ti rissovenga del materno affetto!
Nessun mai t' amerà dell' amor mio.

E tu nel tuo dolor solo e pensoso
Ricercherai la madre, e in queste braccia
Asconderai la faccia;
Nel sen che mai non cangia avrai riposo.

GIUSEPPE GIUSTI.

Then will be *quite* fulfill'd the work of Love,
The work that nature asks, Love freely gives;
Then—of *thy* Love how joyfully secure!—
I'll think I've blest thee with a second life.

Grant gracious Heaven, that all *my* happiness,
All that is dear to *me* may be to *thee*
As dear,—or dearer! O, it *will;* for I
Shall bear the burthen of all griefs with thee.

And—for that time *will* come—if thy young heart
Feel for another loved one hope or fear,
Remember, oh! remember *then my* Love!
None will e'er love thee, as *I* love thee, dear!

Aye, and thou *wilt;* and in thine hour of woe—
Alone and thoughtful—thou wilt seek again
Thy Mother, and within *her* arms again
Bury thy face confiding, there to find
Rest on a bosom which can never change.

E. C. H.

Nov. 8th, 1860.

THE END.

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